

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 1473.—August 31, 1872.

CONTENTS.

1. RECENT EXPERIMENTS WITH THE SENSES, . . .	<i>Westminster Review</i> , . . .	515
2. CHRISTINA NORTH. By E. M. Archer. Part VII, . . .	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> , . . .	533
3. FRENCH DRESS,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , . . .	549
4. THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON. By William Black, author of "A Daughter of Heth," etc. Part XIII,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> , . . .	560
5. "QUESTION-DAY" IN THE HIGHLANDS,	<i>Sunday Magazine</i> ,	570
6. JUAREZ,	<i>Examiner</i> ,	572
7. THE POLITICAL ASPECT OF THE FRENCH LOAN,	<i>Pall Mall Gazette</i> ,	574

POETRY.

WOUNDED,	514	UNGRUDGED TEARS,	514
ELISSA'S SONG,	514		

SHORT ARTICLES.

STRUCTURE AND SOURCE OF THE WAX OF PLANTS,	576	THE GREAT PUBLIC AQUARIUM AT NAPLES,	576
--	-----	--	-----

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage. But we do not prepay postage on less than a year, nor when we have to pay commission for forwarding the money; nor when we club THE LIVING AGE with another periodical.

An extra copy of THE LIVING AGE is sent gratis to any one getting up a club of Five New Subscribers. Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & GAY.

WOUNDED.

Let me lie down,
Just here in the shade of this cannon-torn tree;
Here, low on the trampled grass, where I may
see
The surge of the combat, and where I may hear
The glad cry of victory, cheer upon cheer;
Let me lie down.

Oh, it was grand!
Like the tempest we charged, in the triumph to
share;
The tempest — its fury and thunder were there;
On, on, o'er intrenchments, o'er living and
dead,
With the foe under foot and our flag overhead;
Oh, it was grand!

Weary and faint,
Prone on the soldier's couch, ah, how can I rest
With this shot-shattered head and sabre-pierced
breast?
Comrades, at roll-call, when I shall be sought,
Say I fought till I fell, and fell where I fought,
Wounded and faint.

Oh, that last charge!
Right through the dread hell-fire of shrapnel and
shell,
Through without falt'ring — clear through with
a yell;
Right in their midst, in the turmoil and gloom,
Like heroes we dashed at the mandate of doom!
Oh, that last charge!

It was duty!
Some things are worthless, and some others so
good,
That nations who buy them pay only in blood:
For Freedom and Union each man owes his part,
And here I pay my share, all warm from my
heart;
It is duty!

Dying at last!
My mother, dear mother, with meek, tearful eyes,
Farewell! and God bless you forever and aye!
Oh, that I now lay on your pillowing breast,
To breathe my last sigh on the bosom first
pressed;
Dying at last!

I am no saint,
But, boys, say a prayer. There's one that be-
gins,
"Our Father," and then says, "Forgive us
our sins";
Don't forget that part, say that strongly, and
then
I'll try to repeat it, and you'll say amen!
Ah, I'm no saint!

Hark! — there's a shout!
Raise me up, comrades! We have conquered, I
know! —
Up, up on my feet, with my face to the foe!
Ah, there flies the flag, with its star-spangles
bright,
The promise of glory, the symbol of right!
Well may they shout!

I'm mustered out!
O God of our fathers, our freedom prolong,
And tread down rebellion, oppression and
wrong!
O land of earth's hope, on thy blood-reddened
sod
I die for the Nation, the Union, and God!
I'm mustered out!
Western Methodist Protestant.

ELISSA'S SONG.

LEAVE the bonny bubble floating,
Faint, fair, and gay.
Leave the bonny bubble floating,
Leave, leave, I say.

On the bonny bubble floating
Gaze while you may,
Crimson, orange, pearly, golden,
Brighter than day.

Leave the bonny bubble floating,
Oh, could it stay!
Look, a wandering wind has smote it,
Gone, gone for aye!

PETER BATNE.

UNGRUDGED TEARS.

BECAUSE, when sometimes at your side, mine
own,
Glad in your love, within my heart and eyes
The tears may gather and sad thoughts may
rise,
Wild yearnings after years forever flown; —
Because I sometimes seek the still and lone
Green place wherein my sweet dead sister lies,
Her dear grave face turned to the quiet skies,
Trustful and patient as in days long gone: —

You will not blame me, darling, that my heart
Finds in her grave such power divine to bless,
And lays, with her, one sacred loving part: —
You will not grudge my sighs for these dead
years,
You will not envy or forbid my tears,
I know you well; you will not love me less.
The Month. F. E. W.

From The Westminster Review.
RECENT EXPERIMENTS WITH THE
SENSES.*

THE phenomena of sensation constitute in a peculiar manner the borderland of Physiology and Psychology; for while all mental operations undoubtedly imply physiological conditions, the direct observation of these conditions is in most cases rendered impracticable by reason of their great subtlety and inaccessibility. In the case of the organs of sense, however, physiological observation is specially favoured. The cause to be observed being some external stimulus, as a pencil of rays of light, or an adjusted series of weights, which is wholly in the experimenter's hand, and may be varied or circumscribed at his pleasure, there are presented the most favourable conditions of physical experimentation. Further, the comparative isolation and accessibility of these organs and their nervous connexions, as compared with the deep-lying and intricate structures of the centres, very much facilitate the study of the precise changes to which they are liable under the operation of a given external stimulus. For these reasons the physiology of the senses has attained a very high degree of precision and certainty, and is fast becoming the most elaborate department of the science of organicism.

With this increased attention of physiologists to the facts of sensation, psychologists have every reason to be content. It is perfectly true that much of this experimentation might just as readily have been undertaken by the latter in the interests of their particular science as by the former; yet they will hardly regret that their omissions have been made good by the labours of others. Investigations into the precise mode of sensation producible by a given variety of stimulus are just of that nature, that a student of nervous processes, or of mental operations, might equally well

have taken them in hand. Of course the aim of the two would not be exactly the same. To the former mental element is of secondary importance, being simply a co-effect, easily ascertainable, by means of which his inference to the real physiological effect may be corrected. To the psychologist, on the other hand, the mental factor is the essential part of the phenomenon. It is this that he is studying, and the exact conditions of which he seeks to determine. Yet while there is this apparent difference in the claims of the two classes of inquirers, the method of inquiry is really the same for both. The introduction to the several organs of sense, of a large variety of well-ascertained stimuli, and the observation of their effects, while necessary for studying the precise physiological functions of the organs, are just the best means of learning the exact nature of sensation itself.

Simple observation of our sensations by self-reflection, it should be remembered, tells us very little about them. By means of this we learn to compare, discriminate, and classify them according to their several qualitative peculiarities. But there are many other aspects of them which this self-observation tells us scarcely anything about. When we wish, for example to ascertain the exact duration of a given sensation, or class of sensations, we find it necessary to resort to some objective measure of time. Our mere unaided feeling of the duration of a pain for instance, is a very vague and feeble means of measurement. We all know how commonly in daily life our individual and subjective impression has to be corrected by a reference to an objective standard. Now, it is just this want of precision in our subjective estimate of sensation which renders its systematic study in connexion with its objective causes a matter of such psychological moment. In these experiments the external cause, as the stimulus of light, is something non-individual, something determinate and uniform to all minds; consequently, it may be precisely measured. From this it follows that the resulting sensation receives a new mode of measurement. Variations in intensity, duration, &c., which could never have received pre-

* 1. *Elements der Psychophysik.* Von G. T. FECHNER. Leipzig: 1900.

2. *Handbuch der physiologischen Optik.* Von H. HELMHOLTZ. Leipzig: 1867.

3. *Physiologische Untersuchungen im Gebiete der Optik.* Von A. W. VOLKMAN. Leipzig: 1863.

4. *Beiträge zur Theorie der Sinneswahrnehmung.* Von W. WUNDT. Leipzig und Heidelberg: 1892.

cise estimation from the mere data of subjective feeling, may in this connexion with nicely determinable causes assume the shape of an exact law. No doubt the indefiniteness and oscillation of individual feeling will still tend to counteract any such effort to quantify sensation. Yet by varying the experiments and by taking different states of the same individual, as well as many different individuals, an approximate estimate of these aspects of sensation, regarded as a mathematical function of the exciting physical cause may be arrived at.

While these experiments of the physiologist thus directly contribute to the scientific study of sensation, they serve to illustrate very copiously the mental processes and laws previously arrived at by subjective observation. In order to understand this, it must be remembered that the mature sensations here dealt with are the product not only of the present external stimulation, but of the individual's past experiences. It is impossible to produce, and at the same time obtain an account of what may be called a virgin sensation, such as may be conceived as the impression of an infant's mind; that is, so far as it is capable of existing clearly at all, without an accretion of association. Inextricably interwoven with all our familiar sensations are ideas of connected experiences, so that it is a matter of extreme difficulty to separate the net amount of sensation from the rest of the momentary impression. The physiologist, it is clear, must seek to make this separation if he is to assign the precise character of the effect of the stimulation. Hence these experiments are of no little value in adding to our knowledge of the range of memory and inference in our most rudimentary mental life.

In the following account of some of the most interesting of recent physiological experiments with the senses, we propose to select simply those which bear directly on one of these two results: either serving to render more clear and precise the nature and laws of sensation, or helping to illustrate and confirm some mental law.

The first class of physiological experi-

ments to be noticed here has to do with the measurement of sensation. We have already remarked, that our unaided subjective feeling tells us very little respecting the exact quantity or duration of a sensation. It is only by observing these phenomena in connexion with some fixed and nicely definable objective standard, that we are able to determine their various aspects of quantity. A number of physiologists, chiefly German, have occupied themselves with this method of measuring the sensibilities of our organism; and although many of the results of these investigations appear to add little to our knowledge of the general relation between nervous stimulation and conscious sensation, they are perhaps worth recording as data by means of which such more general principles are to be arrived at.

With respect to the duration of a sensation viewed as the effect of a nervous power, there are several points deserving of attention. First of all, it is clear that the initiating process occupies an appreciable time. It has been estimated that when a muscle is made to contract by communicating a short electric stimulus to the motor nerve, about one-sixtieth of a second elapses before the effect of contraction becomes visible. Yet no method has as yet been discovered of estimating the interval between the application of the external stimulus and the commencement of the resulting feeling. There are two questions involved in this unknown interval. The first relates to the transmission of a nervous impulse from the periphery to the sentient centres. This point has but little psychological interest. The second refers to the minimum duration of the nervous process in the central regions in order that a distinct sensation may result. It is very probable that some limit of duration exists below which a nervous change fails to produce a sensation, and it is supposable that at all times a vast number of such brief and feeble pulses are coursing, so to speak, across the regions of the brain without contributing to consciousness any of its distinct elements. The number of vague fugitive feelings which fill up the interstices of our definite conscious life may be conceived as the immature products

of too rapidly ceasing pulsations in the nervous substance. Any advance towards the proof and measurement of this minimum interval would be of great value in helping to determine the minimum duration of a clear sensation. Such a discovery, if possible at all, could only be made by means of just such objective experimentation with the senses as that here described. The physical processes taking place in the hidden structures of the brain, lend themselves to no immediate observation, and can only be approximately determined as the intervening stages between an observable stimulation of a peripheral nerve and a discoverable effect in the subject's mind.

If it be as yet impossible to measure the rate of travelling of an inward nervous current, a good deal has been done to determine the duration of such a current in the central regions. It is a well-known fact, that a nervous change lasts considerably longer than the contact of the external stimulus which occasions it; and this fact is of great significance in accounting for all later or ideal appearances of the sensation. The existence of this self-prolonged sensation is best observed in the impressions of the eye, and it is here that the phenomenon has received the most precise estimation.

It is well known to students of optics, that when a circular disc with alternate black and white sectors is made to rotate about an axis, there is a certain rate of rotation above which all single impressions of the black and white surfaces cease, giving place to a continuous sensation of grey. This is at once accounted for by the persistence of a sensation, just spoken of. The impression left at any given point of the retina by a white sector, continues unabated during the brief interval in which the black sector passes over it, and the effect is the same as if the quantity of light issuing from the white sectors was distributed uniformly over the whole sur-

face of the disc. By ascertaining the time occupied by each rotation, and what fraction the breadth of the black sector forms of the whole circumference, it is possible to measure the exact maximum duration of an impression of light in unabated degrees. Different physiologists in attempting this have reached different results. Thus Plateau found, that in ordinary daylight the time of transition of a black sector, and so of the unchanged impression of light, could be made as large as .191 seconds. Professor Helmholtz, again, says, that with strong lamp-light the time of transition must not be greater than 1-48th of a second, though in weak moonlight it may be as much as 1-20th.* When the light is weaker, it should be added, the time of the unchanged after-impression is greater, there being here less exhaustion of the nerve by the succeeding stimulations. Further, different coloured light appears to have a different duration of after-effect, an impression of blue remaining longer than one of red or yellow. On Young's hypothesis, adopted by Helmholtz, of three classes of fibres distributed through the retina, sensitive only to red, blue and green rays respectively, it must be supposed that the fibres sensitive to blue are most susceptible of this after-effect; that is, retain the longest the molecular movements supposed to be set up in a nerve by an external stimulus. Plateau has also sought to determine the time during which an after-impression of light continues in decreasing intensity. This is found to be greater as the acting light is stronger. From this it follows that a powerful stimulus of light produces an after-impression which begins to fade much sooner than that of a feeble stimulus, though it has on the whole the longest effect. These same experiments with the discs show, too, that the after impression of a light stimulus depends simply on the quantity of light falling on a given point of the retina, so that it is just the same whether an intense light acts for a brief interval or a faint light for a longer interval.

Another point in connection with the duration of sensation is the time required for exhausting a nerve. When, for ex-

* See Helmholtz, "Handbuch der physiologischen Optik." Part II. § 22 "Die Dauer der Lichtempfindung." This work is a complete repository of physiological investigations with the eye, both older and newer, and we shall constantly need to refer to it.

ample, a fibre of the optic nerve has been stimulated for some while, instead of the positive effect of an after-impression there appears a negative effect in a temporary diminution of its sensibility. Hence the phenomena of negative images, or after-images (*Nachbilder*), as the Germans so happily term them. Helmholtz tells us that, for having these negative images most distinctly and persistently, it is best to let the first stimulating light act for a period of five to ten seconds. In this case the positive after-effect is evanescent and inappreciable. A negative image of bright clouds remains, under these circumstances, as long as eight minutes. It is found, further, that different coloured light acts differently in exhausting the nerve. According to Young's view of the classes of optic fibres, the complementary image that succeeds a long impression of a given colour arises from the temporary incapacity of the corresponding class of fibres. Thus, after looking some while at a green object, the fibres sensitive to green rays become exhausted, so that when the eye is afterwards directed to a white object, the part of the retina which received the green rays is unaffected by the green elements of the white light, and the remaining rays produce a sensation of the complementary colour — namely, purple. This exhausting effect is supposed, like that of the positive after-impression, to be of different duration for the different classes of fibres. An impression of white light, as afforded by the sun, may sometimes leave a series of images of various colours, and this effect is probably due both to the various susceptibility of the three classes of fibres to a positive after-impression already alluded to, and also to their unequal liability to exhaustion. At the same time it seems impossible, according to Helmholtz, to assign proportions to these two influences in producing the effect described.

Although both the phenomenon of self-sustaining nervous process and that of temporary exhaustion of the nerve, seem only susceptible of accurate observation in the region of visual impression, they undoubtedly extend to all departments of sensation. Thus it is very easy to observe, at times, a lingering after-sensation of tone left by some external stimulus. Possibly experiments may be extended to these as well as to other classes of our sensations. One question presents itself here of great interest to the psychologist, Does the degree of persistency of the after-sensation vary directly with the degree of facility in ideal reproduction of the sensa-

tion? The impressions of the eye, which manifest most conspicuously the first quality, are also among the most recoverable of our sensations. Further, it has been observed by Purkinje and Aubert, that an impression of light fades away much more quickly on the peripheral parts of the retina than at the centre, and it is clear that our visual recollections consist almost exclusively of ideas of impressions projected on the central regions of perfect vision. Hence it is just possible that a more exact method of estimating the duration of this after effect in the other sensations would show this correspondence to be uniform. It may be presumed, too, *a priori*, that since this after-effect is due to a self-sustained activity of the related parts of the centres when the peripheral stimulation ceases, it will involve the power of central activity without any such peripheral initiation — that is, the appearance of ideal forms of sensation. With respect to the liability of the nerves to temporary exhaustion, this must be considered, in part at least, as a universal property of the cerebro-spinal system, forming the physiological basis of the well-known psychological fact, that conscious life consists in continual change of state, every impression or feeling tending to grow indistinct and feeble after a certain duration. At the same time this need of relief does not present itself in the same form or degree in all modes of nervous action. As seen in the case of visual impressions, the fibres sensitive to one variety of coloured light are much sooner exhausted than those which subserve another kind of sensation. It would be interesting to inquire whether the demand for temporary cessation is not greater in the case of those parts of the nervous system least employed in daily life. Apart from the increased facility of muscular effect arising from repetition of any class of impression or idea, it is quite conceivable that those nervous fibres which are most frequently used come to possess an increased capacity of unbroken work. If, as seems probable, great liability to exhaustion goes with feeble tenacity of after-impression, the fact just mentioned with respect to the peripheral parts of the retina would appear to favour this view of the effect of exercise on the working capacity of a nerve.*

Finally, it may be hinted that if liability

* On the evolution hypothesis it might be possible to explain any innate inequality in this respect; for example, between the optic and the gustatory nerve, by supposing them to be the effects of long processes of exercise through many generations.

to exhaustion varies inversely as the power of retaining after-impression, and if this latter varies directly as the power of ideal revival or recollection, we must expect to find among those classes of sensations least susceptible of this revival the least capacity for sustained and unbroken feeling. Thus, for example, tastes ought to be much less enduring sensations than visual impressions. That is to say, a taste would much sooner grow feeble and require variation of impression than a sensation of colour of equal intensity. Whether this is so may well be left to the individual reader to decide from his own experience.

We may now pass to the consideration of another class of investigations into what we may call the dimensions of a sensation; we refer to the large number of recent attempts to measure the intensive and extensive magnitude of sensation. By intensive magnitude is meant the intensity or force of a sensation, by extensive magnitude, its volume, which, roughly speaking, corresponds to the area of the sentient surface and the number of nervous elements acted upon. In both these aspects of sensation numerous experiments have recently been made, more especially by German physiologists. E. H. Weber led the way in his famous discoveries of the various degrees of tactile and muscular sensibility resident in different parts of the bodily surface. Others have carried similar modes of inquiry into the regions of visual sensations. Finally, the results of these many experiments have been collected and formulated into a general law by Weber's colleague, G. T. Fechner. In giving an account of these investigations we shall be able to quote almost entirely from this author's works.† We shall first of all discuss the intensity or force of a sensation only, and leave the more difficult topic of its extensive magnitude to the close.

It is clear that the intensity of a sensation, as distinguished from that of its external stimulus, is entirely a matter of subjective feeling. At the same time, as we have already hinted, mere subjective feeling would tell us very little about the general quantitative relations of our sensations. In order to reduce these scattered and isolated subjective appreciations to something like a general expression, it is necessary to study them in conjunction

with certain definite variations in the objective cause. By this means we may learn how the feeling of magnitude in our sensation varies with changes in the absolute magnitude of the object, and so reach a more precise and scientific statement of the relation between nervous stimulation and sensation, body and mind. This is Weber's method as it has been enlarged and explained by Fechner.

By mere introspection of our sensations we know, first of all, the fact of their equality; and, secondly, their mutual relations of inequality, as greater or less. As a general rule it is impossible to say that one sensation is twice or three times as intense as another. We do, no doubt, speak of a light as being twice as bright as another, or a sound twice as powerful; but such numerical judgments are very generally indefinite, and involve for the most part a reference to some objective measure, as, for example, that the sound twice as powerful would produce the same force of sensation as the other at twice its distance. Further, it may be added that, when the sensations are of different orders, any estimation of their relative intensities is very inexact. Thus it is often impossible to say that a sensation of tone is more intense than another of colour. In cases where our judgment is very unwavering, it will be found that we compare the sensations: mediately by a reference to the average-strength of either class. Thus, when an impression of light is far above the common level of light impressions, and one of sound far below the level of sound impressions, we do not hesitate to pronounce one more intense than the other. In proportion as the heterogeneous sensations have any element in common besides mere force, as a feeling of pleasure or pain, they are of course much more susceptible of direct measurement.*

The methods, then, of estimating by objective experiment the force of sensation needed to recognize both these limitations

* Still even here we see the impossibility of reaching exact appreciations of equality or inequality between heterogeneous feelings. A pleasure of light or colour can be much more precisely measured with another pleasure of the same sense than with one of another sense, and nobody probably would attempt to determine the exact equivalent of a sensuous enjoyment in the sphere of imagination. Hence, perhaps, the habit of setting one class of pleasures above another because of an average superiority, even though the intensest of the inferior class are much greater than the feeblest of the other. We think it might be shown that it is this practical device, of great value where exact measurement is excluded, which has led to the supposition that pleasures excel one another by virtue not only of strength and duration, but also of qualitative differences.

† Fechner has several statements of his general theory in the "Abhandlungen der sächsischen Gesellschaft der Wissenschaften." His most systematic exposition is to be found in his "Elemente der Psychophysik" and from this we have extracted our account of it.

— first of all, that the compared sensations should be of the same genus; and, secondly, that our immediate appreciation of them is confined to their equality or inequality as greater or less. Acting on this plan, Fechner has sought to construct a standard of quantity of sensibility for the various parts of an organ, or different states of the same part. Fechner's statement is as follows: the sensibility of a particular time, or particular part of an organ, is reciprocally proportional to the magnitude of the stimulus requisite to produce a sensation equal in intensity to a given sensation. Thus, if weights of five and six pounds are required to produce equal degrees of muscular feeling at the same part of the surface at different times, or on different parts of the surface at the same time, we may say that the sensibility in the first case is to that in the second as 6 : 5.

There is one circumstance that greatly favours the employment of this method of measuring sensibility. It is a well-known fact that every stimulus must be of a certain force in order that it produce any sensation at all. Objective light may actually impinge on the retina, yet be of such feeble nature as to be unnoticed. So sounds when travelling from any considerable distance enter the ear without exciting the auditory nerve to sensation. Now, if we can estimate the objective force of two external stimuli which are just adequate to produce sensation on two occasions, or at different parts of an organ, we have in their ratio a very precise measure of the two sensibilities concerned. This measurement of the force of an external stimulus is capable of being made very exact in some instances, according to the principle of the conservation of force and by means of the excellent apparatus of physical science. Thus, for example, Schafhäütl has sought to determine the precise value of the physical impetus requisite to produce a sensation of sound. He has calculated that a piece of cork weighing 1 milligram falling through 1 millimetre on a glass plate produces the faintest observable sound, the observer being .91 millimetres from the plate. It would be interesting to know how far this represents the average sensibility of the ear to sound, or how far it is coloured by the individual peculiarities of the experimenter. In the case of the eye's sensibility to light it is impossible to determine the exact degree of physical light requisite to produce a sensation in a perfectly dormant nerve, since, even when all external light is excluded from the eye, the nerve is known to undergo a certain

amount of "subjective stimulation," resulting in what Helmholtz very aptly terms the *Eigenlicht* of the eye. In the case of weights estimated by sense of pressure, it is very difficult to determine the minimum pressure perceivable, since other tactile feelings, such as a feeling of smooth or rough surface, sense of temperature, &c., interfere with the pure feeling of pressure. Finally, in the case of the so-called chemical senses, taste and smell, we have as yet no method of reckoning the degree of the physical force which forms the stimulus.

The immense value of this method of determining the precise value of the physical force requisite to produce a sensation, consists in its applicability to different individuals. We cannot directly compare the sensations of two or more persons as we can those of two organs of the same individual. Still we may presume that the least perceivable sensation is a sort of constant quantity, the same for all; and in this manner we reach a measure of the relative sensibilities of different persons. These will clearly be in the inverse ratio of the physical stimuli needed to produce a just observable sensation.

From sensibility to stimuli, or absolute sensibility, Fechner distinguishes sensibility to differences in stimuli, or discriminative sensibility. While the former may be measured by the magnitude of the stimulus required for producing a sensation equal in intensity to a given sensation, the latter is to be estimated by the magnitude of the *difference* of two stimuli, needed to produce a certain change of feeling. In both these cases, the greater the objective cause required, the less must the subjective sensibility be supposed to be. Thus, if a greater change of light intensity is needed to effect a difference of sensation at the peripheral parts of the retina than is required at the centre, we may conclude that the latter parts possess the greater discriminative sensibility.

Here, again, we have the all-important fact that a certain amount of change in the objective force of a stimulus is possible without any variation in the feeling produced. That is to say, there is a certain limit of difference below which our various sensibilities are unable to discriminate. This limit, which we have found to exist in the case of both absolute and discriminative sensibility, Fechner denominates by the term threshold (*Die Schwelle*). Its existence, in the case of discriminative sensibility, is very easily proved. Objective light, sound and pressure may all be made to vary within very

small limits, without the subject, who is experimented with, knowing anything of the change. Further, this limit or threshold offers, as in the case of absolute sensibility, the best means of measuring two or more discriminative sensibilities. Thus, in the instance of comparing two parts of the retina, or two regions of tactile surface, it is very difficult to pronounce a change of impression at one part to be exactly equal to a change at another. But the fact of there being a least noticeable difference of stimulation makes this rough method of estimation unnecessary. For example, in comparing the discriminative sensibility of the palms and backs of the hands to pressure, it is only necessary to discover, in both instances, the exact amount of objective change required to produce the faintest sense of difference, and the ratio of the sensibilities will be inversely as that of the two amounts of change. Similarly this method is perfectly applicable to an estimate of the relative degrees of discriminative sensibility of different individuals. The smaller the amount of variation in the stimulus perceivable, the greater must be the delicacy of the sensibility concerned. In this manner, the ear's sensibility to pitch is found to be of very different degrees of delicacy in different persons. It would also be found, probably, that the very wide differences in the eye's discrimination of colours exist in different individuals. If only the exact amount of objective change, in the difference of refrangibility of the rays employed, be measurable, it is clear that a very fine test would be offered for determining the comparative delicacy of different persons' visual sensibility.

Hitherto, we have spoken of discriminative sensibility without any reference to the absolute magnitude of the sensations distinguished. We have spoken of it just as if this were a matter of indifference, as if the eye, for example, were able to recognize precisely the same amount of difference between very powerful and between very feeble sensations of light. But a very little reflection shows that this assumption is incorrect. Everybody is aware that he is unable to recognize slight differences in weight, when the weights compared are very heavy, though these same differences are very apparent when the constituents are small. So, too, it is demonstrable that the eye, when looking at a very bright object, as the sun, is unaware of differences of light intensity, which, existing between feebler constituents, would afford a striking contrast.

Hence the question arises, what is the relation of the discriminative power of a sense to the magnitude or force of the sensations to be distinguished?

This question has been clearly apprehended by Fechner, and has received at his hands a very complete and systematic treatment. In effecting this, he has conducted a large series of experiments, varying in every possible manner the absolute magnitude of the stimuli to be distinguished, and always carefully noting the ratio of the amount of difference of the stimuli to this absolute magnitude. The methods of experimentation which he adopts are three. The first is that of his predecessor, Weber, and is named "the method of just observable differences." It consists in estimating the minimum amount of difference recognizable at all variations in the absolute intensity of the stimuli, and in studying the ratio of such difference to the absolute quantity of the stimulation. The second method, named by Fechner "the method of correct and incorrect instances," is more intricate. When two stimuli — say two weights estimated by muscular tension — are very nearly equal, the subject of the experiment will be apt in a large number of trials to make errors as to which is the greater. The greater the objective difference, or the greater the sensibility of the individual, or of the part tested, the greater will be the number of correct as compared with erroneous judgments. It is the object of this method to determine the exact difference between two stimuli, or the relation of the difference to the absolute magnitude of the stimuli, which will produce the same proportion of correct and incorrect instances at all possible values of the stimuli. The third method, that of "average errors," consists in making the person experimented with seek with aid of subjective impression alone to make a stimulus — say a weight, equal to another and fixed one, by gradually increasing and diminishing the former. In doing this, slight errors will be made, and the object is to determine the average error in a large number of trials, and to assign the relation of this error to the absolute magnitude of the stimuli employed.

As the result of experiments according to all these three methods, Fechner arrives at what he calls a general "psycho-physical law," and also "Weber's law," since Weber's experiments first distinctly pointed towards it. It may be expressed somewhat as follows. When we have to do with one and the same sensibility, as the

muscular sensibility of a given part of the body at a given time, we find that the least recognizable difference between two stimuli is not the same absolute magnitude for all varieties in the magnitude of the stimuli, but it is a constant fraction of this magnitude, and that only those differences of stimuli are felt to be equal which constitute equal fractions of their respective stimuli. In other words, the greater the force of stimulation, the less the power of discrimination, as estimated by the absolute amount of difference recognizable. Put another way, and more as a psychological law, we may say that the more intense a sensation, the greater must be the added or diminished force of stimulation in order that this sensation may undergo an appreciable change of intensity.

The full import of this law, from a psychological point of view, will have to be spoken of by and by. At present it may be sufficient to say, that it is a most important step in the process of determining and formulating the precise relations of nervous processes and mental life. It is clearly connected with those facts of nervous exhaustion and need of relief, of which mention has already been made. Further, there is little doubt that it might, as Fechner seems to think, be extended to the whole region of consciousness. Provided only that we could estimate the force of an organic or other stimulus in prompting a given form of emotion we should probably find that for every sensible increase of the resulting feeling a greater and greater increment of initial stimulation is requisite.*

Confining ourselves, however, to the facts of sensation, we find that this psychophysical law comprises a vast number of very interesting facts. These are too numerous to be described in detail here, and for a fuller account of them the reader must be referred to Fechner's work itself.

The most interesting of all our sensibilities is undoubtedly that of the eye. The fact that with variations in the intensity of the light very unequal differences are perceived, has been long known. Stars are seen in the night, and not in the day, although it is demonstrable that in both cases the difference of light intensity between them and the rest of the sky is one and the same. Experiments were conducted, at the end of the last century, by

Bouguer and have since been repeated by Fechner and Masson, in order to determine the relation of this visual discrimination to the intensity of the stimulus. Bouguer took two wax tapers of equal flame, placed a rod between them and a white screen, so that two shadows were thrown on it, and then gradually removed one taper till the shadow thrown by it just disappeared. The difference of objective light between the two indistinguishable surfaces (the shaded and non-shaded) would clearly be the point of just appreciable difference. He calculated from this that the eye is able to distinguish 1-64th of a given light intensity. Fechner and his friends, adopting the same method, estimated the discriminative sensibility at 1-100th. Masson employed rotating discs, and judged that the eye can distinguish a change of 1-120th in the intensity of the light. Each of these results equally answers to Weber's law of sensibility, and it is possible that the want of agreement points to considerable differences of discriminative vision among individuals. It is only right to add, that Fechner admits the inapplicability of his law to very feeble and to very intense impressions of light. Beyond certain limits, both above and below, a much smaller fraction of change is recognizable. He accounts for these apparent exceptions by supposing that with very blinding light some injury is done to the nervous substance interfering with its regular function, and that when the external stimulus is very feeble the subjective stimulus — the *Eigenlicht* of Helmholtz — has an appreciable effect in blunting the sense of difference for external stimuli.

A very brief reference to the other illustrations of this psycho-physical law must suffice. With respect to sounds, it has been estimated by Renz and Wolf (Vierordt's Archiv, 1856), that two sounds, whose intensities are in the ratio of 100 : 72, are always clearly distinguished. When the ratio was as 100 : 92, the correct judgments only just exceeded the false ones. Volkmann experimented with the same sensibility by means of a steel ball falling on a steel plate, the weight of ball, height of fall, and distance of listener being varied. The result of his experiments was much the same as that just named, a ratio of 3 : 4 in intensity being sufficient to afford the observer a confident judgment. With respect to the height or pitch of tones, Weber showed that equal intervals always corresponded to one ratio in the number of vibrations of the distinguished

* Of course the difficulty in ascertaining this is due to the number of contributing ideal sources of feeling in an emotion which more than outweigh the effect of the initial stimulus and sustain it long after this has ceased to act.

tones. This fact is very curious, as serving to assimilate pitch with some aspect of force of sensation. It may be added, that the phenomena of light impression do not confirm the view that rapidity of molecular vibration in the stimulus, and so, probably, in the nerve, is equivalent to force or amplitude of vibration. Just perceptible differences of coloured light do not correspond to a constant fraction of the absolute number of vibrations. In the case of the muscular appreciation of weight, Fechner has supplemented the experiments of Weber by applying the method of correct and incorrect instances of the problem. As a result of a series of trials with liftings of one hand in 1856, and with liftings of the two hands in 1857, he finds that as the weight is increased and the difference increased proportionately, being always the same fraction of the first, the fraction representing the proportion of correct to incorrect judgments is pretty constant. At the same time a deviation from this uniformity was discovered at the lower end of the series, when the weight employed was 300 grammes. Once more Fechner has tested the validity of this law in the case of sensibility to temperature, and found that within certain degrees of temperature (20° R. to blood-heat) the differences just observable were always proportional to the elevation of the particular temperature above a medium point between freezing-point and blood-heat (14.7° R.). That is to say, by reckoning the intensity of heat or cold by its distance from a middle and indifferent point, the discrimination was found within certain limits to follow Weber's law. On the other hand, from 20° down to 10° R., the sensibility to change was so great that it was impossible to give the least noticeable difference a precise value, while below 10° this minimum grew larger than was required by Weber's law.

From all this it appears that for all the senses in which the force of the objective stimulus is distinctly appreciable, Weber's law is found to have a certain measure of validity. In order to erect it into a precise general expression of sensibility, it is necessary to discover some method of estimating the force of the stimuli in the case of sensations of taste and smell, and also to account more completely for the slight deviations from this regularity beyond certain limits of intensity in the sensations.

Thus far we have been speaking of the quantity of a sensation in respect of its force or intensity only, and have not discussed

another aspect of quantity which belongs in some measure to most, if not all, of our sensations. We mean the extensive as distinguished from the intensive magnitude of a sensation. This property of our sensations is connected, as has been hinted, with the number of nervous elements involved in the sensation. To assume the existence of this aspect of sensation as an ultimate fact involves no theory of immediate perception of extension under any of its aspects. It simply implies that homogeneous sensations — say those of light — are distinguished somehow according to the nervous route along which the stimulation travels, and that there is a clear and marked contrast between a sensation produced by means of one or a few fibres, and one in which a large area of nervous elements takes part, and this contrast is in nowise confounded with that of a great and feeble intensity.

This extensive sensibility, like the intensive, may be regarded as absolute or discriminative. By absolute extensive sensibility we mean any feeling whatever of extent or volume. This, too, has its threshold or limited condition in the originating stimulus. Every stimulus must act on a certain area of the sentient surface in order that any feeling of extension or volume may arise.* For example, different pencils of rays of very unequal circumference are nevertheless both felt by the eye to be unextended points. So different points applied to the skin, though of very unequal area, are equally felt to be unextended. This mode of absolute sensibility, it may be added, is susceptible of just the same kind of comparative estimation as that of force or intensity. The hand which felt a surface with the least extent of the applied stimulus, would clearly be most sensitive to this aspect of stimuli.

It is, however, in the form of a discriminative sensibility that the feeling of extension commonly presents itself. In the distinguishing of different points and lines, in the comparison of linear and superficial magnitudes, this feeling plays a very prominent part in our knowledge of external phenomena.

The simplest exercise of this sensibility is the discrimination of two adjacent points. Whenever two stimuli, as two rays of light, two points of a compass, simultaneously operate on the sentient

* In the case of visual impression it is known that some area of operation is required to produce any sensation at all. This fact, however, bears rather on the estimation of intensity than on that of extensive magnitude.

surface, it is found that they must be a certain distance apart in order that two distinct sensations may follow. This mode of determining the relative sensibility to the extension of two parts has been made use of by Weber in his now famous experiments on the tactile sensibility of various parts of the bodily surface. It has also been employed to estimate the fineness of visual sensibility on various parts of the retina. Weber and Helmholtz found that at the centre of the retina two points of light are recognized as such, whose retinal images are from $\cdot 0046$ to $\cdot 0052$ millimetres apart. Aubert and Förster discovered that this delicacy of sensibility to extension disappears very rapidly from the centre towards the periphery of the retina, this decrease being most rapid towards the upper and lower parts, least rapid towards the outer regions. All these facts of sensibility to points or extension are supposed to be related to the area occupied by an elementary nervous fibre. Weber supposes that two points applied to the skin, in order to be distinguished, must lie within the circle of two different nervous extremities. Helmholtz, on the other hand, conceives that two points of light can only be distinguished when the distance of their retinal images from one another is greater than the diameter of a retinal element, for otherwise they would fall on the same or on two contiguous elements. In the first case he thinks they would produce one sensation, in the second two, but these would not be recognized as the effect of two points, since they might equally well follow from a single point whose image is projected on the boundary of two elements.

Of much the same character as this discrimination of points are other modes of visual sensibility recently examined by physiologists. We refer especially to the eyes' estimate of the degree of convergence and the amount of dissimilarity of the retinal pictures. The appreciation of distance by one eye by means of the feeling of muscular tension in accommodation has been recently measured by Wundt,* but this is clearly not a case of feeling of extension, since in the experiments alluded to any change in the magnitude or position of the retinal image is excluded, and the judgment is formed solely by

means of the degree of intensity of the muscular feeling. On the other hand, in an experiment made by Helmholtz, as to the degree of the feeling of similarity of the two retinal pictures, the basis of the judgment is clearly a feeling of extension. Helmholtz used for this purpose three vertical nails placed at the ends of three small pieces of wood at distances of 12 millimetres from one another and 340 millimetres from his eyes. He then stood with his eyes slightly below the other extremities of these laths, so that the line of union of the nails and wood was invisible. Under these circumstances he could judge whether the three nails were in exactly one vertical plane only by means of the comparison of the two retinal pictures. In so far as they were not, it is clear that their image on the one retina would have a different local arrangement from that of the other. Helmholtz found by this means that a slight deviation of the nails from a plane, such as would cause a local disparity of the two retinal images of $\cdot 0044$ millimetres, was at once detected, and that thus the delicacy of the feeling of extension in the comparison of the two images of an object is precisely the same as that employed in a single eyes' discrimination of points.†

Of equal interest are some experiments by Wundt, on the visual estimation of distance by help of the variations in the convergence of the two eyes. He used for this purpose a black vertical thread, viewed by both eyes through a horizontal slit, and moveable to and from the observer. At a distance of 180 centimetres a change of distance of 3.5 to 5 centimetres was observable. An approach of the thread at this distance by 3.5 cent. implies a shifting of each retinal image through 72 seconds angular measure, and this corresponds pretty exactly to the least distinguishable distances of retinal points. It should be remarked here that one may suppose the eyes to remain fixed while the thread is moved to or from them, so that the first recognition of the change is due to the shifting of the images on the retinae. At

* Wundt made the observer look with one eye at a vertical black thread through a slit in a screen. This source of judgment was found to be very vague. At a distance of 250 centimetres nothing less than an approach or removal of the thread by 12 cent. was observable.

† It is necessary to distinguish from this perception of similarity or dissimilarity of the two retinal pictures for stereoscopic vision, the eye's capability of single vision, as measured by the limits of retinal surface within which any two points of the two images must lie in order that the corresponding part of the object be seen single. This appreciation has also been measured by Volkmann. It appears to be of very various degrees of delicacy in different individuals, and is clearly determined less by any original mode of sensibility, such as the discrimination of points, than by the effects of experienced and disciplined attention.

the same time it is possible that the eyes at once follow the moving thread so that the feeling of change of distance is simply a mode of the muscular sensibility.

It remains to inquire whether Weber's law is in any sense applicable to these phenomena of discriminative sensibility as applied to extension. Does the discrimination of two extensions depend on the absolute magnitude of these extensions, so that the greater the magnitude the larger the minimum amount of difference noticeable? In order to answer this question Fechner, assisted by Volkmann, has instituted experiments with sight and touch. In the case of light they both proceeded according to the method of average errors. Fechner employed two pairs of compasses, of which the tips only were visible to the observer. One of these pairs was kept fixed and the legs of the other gradually brought together, or removed from one another, till the observer deemed them to be just as far apart as those of the fixed pair. Volkmann used three vertical threads, stretched by weights and moveable to and from one another, and made the two extremes equidistant from the centre according to the judgment of the observer. As the result of both these sets of experiments it appears that the discrimination of extension depends like that of force on the absolute value of the magnitudes employed. Thus Fechner found that the magnitude of the average error was about 1-62nd of the sum of the magnitudes compared; and Volkmann found it to be from 1-88th to 1-101th of the same. In other words, the amount of error varies directly, and so the degree of discrimination inversely, as the absolute magnitude of the extensions compared. Here again it has been assumed that the comparison of two lateral distances by the eye is effected by means of the various local sensibility of the retinal elements. Probably in this exact measurement this is so, though it is no less true that the amount and duration of the eye's movement in passing along the given distance afford through the muscular feelings a chief instrument of such measurement.

While these experiments appear to bear out the applicability of Weber's law to our various feelings of extension, Fechner and Volkmann both found that with respect to touch no discoverable relation exists between the amount of difference observable and the absolute magnitude of the extensions compared. Fechner hesitates, therefore, to assign to his law any universal validity for this mode of discriminative sensibility.

One other point deserves mentioning before leaving the subject of quantity in sensibility. We have dwelt on an absolute and a discriminative sensibility to stimuli. The one is measured by the amount of objective force needed to produce a sensation of given intensity, say the weakest possible; the other by the amount of change, *i.e.*, according to the psycho-physical law, of the fraction of the absolute stimulus required to produce a feeling of change of a given amount, say the least observable. Is there any connection between these two sensibilities thus measured? Does sensibility to difference go parallel to absolute sensibility, so that when the latter is diminished by ill-health or exhaustion the former falls to a lower fraction? It is proved, says Fechner, that this is not the case, but that on the contrary any variation of absolute sensibility which intensifies or weakens in the same proportion the effects of two stimuli leaves the feeling of their difference unaffected. Similarly with respect to the sensibilities of different parts of an organ. Weber's experiments with weights showed that there is no correspondence between the absolute sensibility of a part and its discriminative sensibility. Two parts of the bodily surface to which very unequal weights appeared to be alike, were in spite of this difference of absolute sensibility pretty alike in their power of discrimination. The fact that the eye loses with exhaustion a measure of discriminative sensibility is explained by Fechner, by supposing that the subjective stimulation already referred to interferes in this case in the estimation of differences in external light.

The next important result of a general character furnished by these experiments with the senses, after the increased precision given to our estimation of quantity in sensation, is to be found perhaps in the advance made towards the determination of the ultimate elements of sensation. Our mature sensations, the only ones we are able to examine immediately, are for the most part compounded of numerous elements. Thus, the visual impression received from an external object is made up of a number of sensations of light, shade, colour, and form. Up to a certain point subjective reflection is able to analyze these into their constituent parts. In many cases where a given element occurs apart from the other factors, whether alone or in other combinations, it is possible to make a mental separation of it. Yet even here the fusion of the elements may be so complete and the resulting feeling so unlike its

factors that, notwithstanding a distinct knowledge of the elements it contains, the mind fails to detect their existence in the compound. Still less is it possible to effect this separation if two given elements of a sensation never both occur in perfect isolation. Hence we can never be certain by mere subjective knowledge that any apparently simple sensation is not compounded of other and more elementary feelings. The only other way of determining this is by studying the nervous processes. Assuming, as seems legitimate, that some peculiar mode of feeling is effected by every separate nervous fibre, the physiologist may by an exact study of these nervous elements afford important suggestions as to the ultimate elements of sensation.

The naturalist who has recently done most in this objective analysis of sensation is Professor Helmholtz. His now famous doctrine of upper tones is a signal instance of this method of research. From certain physical facts with respect to sound, he was led to infer that in such apparently simple and indivisible sensations as the tone of a violin or a vocal sound, there are many feeble elements present which go to form the peculiar quality of the sound. Since these upper tones never present themselves in isolation from the more prominent fundamental tones, the mind's attention fails to disentangle them from the composite mass of sensation. Yet they are perfectly distinct sensations, produced by means of different nervous fibres, and could easily be distinguished if they occurred in less perfect simultaneity. Indeed, their discoverer asserts that, with considerable discipline in attention, they may be detected even in this close fusion of elements when once the mind is aware of their existence, and consequently able to lie in wait for them, so to speak. The effect of this discovery is clearly to greatly reduce the number of elementary auditory sensations. It resolves all the sensations of timbre as well as those of vowel clang into mere variations of pitch.

Very similar to this discovery of Helmholtz is his revival and amplification of Thomas Young's theory, that all our sensations of colour are compounded out of three elementary modes of feeling, namely, sensations of red, green and violet.* The phenomena of colour blindness, and a large number of other facts, both anatomical and optical, favour the hypothesis, that three classes of optic fibres are distributed pretty equally over the surface of the retina,

* Maxwell supposes the third elementary sensation to be blue rather than violet.

which fibres minister respectively to the three modes of sensation just mentioned. On this supposition our common sensations of colour are never pure elementary feelings, since even the purest coloured light of the spectrum is conceived as exciting more than one order of fibres. Thus the red rays, though they stimulate most powerfully the fibres sensitive to red, affect in a feeble degree the other two classes of fibres also. Hence, in order to produce a pure elementary sensation, it is necessary to incapacitate, temporarily, these other two classes of fibres. This may be done by first allowing the eye to rest awhile on a mass of the complementary colour, in the seeing of which these fibres are chiefly concerned. They then become exhausted, according to the principle already spoken of, and when the eye is turned to the required colour, an approximately pure sensation is obtained. In this way it is possible, by looking for example, at a mass of purple, to obtain a subsequent sensation of green much purer in tone, that is, less whitish than the green of the spectrum. It is needless, perhaps, to point out how impotent mere subjective observation had been to discover any combining feelings in an ordinary sensation of colour. In point of fact, every sensation of colour is, when looked at subjectively, one and indivisible. Yet, by means of physiological investigation, it becomes possible to determine certain more elementary feelings, out of which these *quasi* elements are built up.

It may be well to observe that this physiological method of analyzing sensation has its limits in the number of discoverable nervous elements and processes involved in a sensation. If it be demonstrable that in mediating a given sensation, two or more nervous fibres are employed, it is allowable to assume that the resulting feeling is compound, in the sense that it is the effect of two or more stimulations, which would apart produce distinct modes of sensation. But this does not warrant one in subdividing each separate stimulation into separate time-elements, and inferring that a sensation of colour, for example, is the result of an indefinite number of molecular impulses in the nervous substance, each of which may be conceived as producing some rudimentary mode of feeling, some vague shock of consciousness. Yet this mode of analysis has recently been attempted by so eminent a thinker and naturalist as Mr. Herbert Spencer, and also, and apparently in complete independence, by M. Taine.* Such a hypothesis is of great

* See Spencer's "Psychology." Second Edition.

interest to the evolutionist, but it appears to be excluded from psychology by the impossibility of verification by subjective observation. The student of mind may gladly accept a physiological contribution to the knowledge of sensation, such as the doctrine of upper tones, where the alleged elements are in their nature capable of being experienced apart. But how is the human consciousness to experience the ultimate nervous shocks which enter alike into such utterly dissimilar sensations as those of tone and of colour? Müller's doctrine, that every nerve has its specific energy or function, however stimulated, has been confirmed by all subsequent researches, and it appears only a verbal simplification to speak of the different genera of sensations as various combinations of one and the same conscious element.

Hitherto we have been dwelling on those phenomena of sensation which appear to have equal importance for the physiologist, and for the psychologist. We now turn to those which have a principal bearing on proper psychological laws and truths. Our mature and disciplined senses present to us no longer simple organic effects of external stimulation, but highly composite mental products, perceptions and judgments, in many of which the primordial effect of the organic stimulus is nearly lost in the compact group of cerebral associates. Hence we may expect to find, in experimenting with the organs of sense, numerous illustrations of proper psychological processes.

As a prominent example of this, we may take the great principle of Relativity, or the law of change, to which the whole of conscious life seems to be subject. Every distinct feeling or state of consciousness, means a transition from some unlike previous state, and an unbroken uniform state of feeling is an impossibility. One part of the physical side of this law was noticed in speaking of the temporary exhaustion of the nervous fibres by stimulation, and the consequent need of alternation, or change of stimulation. This law may be viewed on its negative and positive side. That is to say, we may consider the inoperativeness of uniform stimulation, or the striking effects of sudden and strong contrasts in stimulation. A large number of interesting facts in the region of sensation fall under this head. We

will only allude to one or two. We soon grow accustomed to a uniform temperature in the surrounding atmosphere, and after a certain time, are scarcely aware of its existence. Uniform pressure, such as the atmospheric, and in a less degree that of our own body, and our clothes, soon ceases to produce any sensation. In visual sensations we find the same law operative. What are called the subjective phenomena of vision, the effect of the eye's structure and contents on the impression of light, are, for the most part, inoperative on consciousness. It is only under extraordinary circumstances, or in exceptional states of health and nervous energy that we notice these phenomena. A highly characteristic example of this process is to be found in the non-perception of the shadows demonstrably thrown by the blood vessels of the retina on its nervous layer. Ordinarily these shadows fall on the same nervous elements, and so produce no effect. But Helmholtz describes an experiment by which light is made to enter the eye by an unusual route, namely, through the sclerótica, as far as possible behind the cornea, and the effect of this is, that the shadows of the vessels now falling obliquely on new nervous elements, are distinctly perceived.

The increased distinctness and force of sensation due to magnitude of transition are abundantly illustrated throughout the whole region of sensation. This may be viewed under two aspects; first of all, in respect to intensity or quantitative distinctness; and secondly, as to qualitative distinctness. As an instance of the former, we may refer to the psycho-physical law of Fechner itself. That in estimating immediately, and without help from objective measures, the amount of difference or change between one sensation and another, we really start from the magnitude of the original sensation as our standard, is nothing but a restatement of the law of Relativity. Every feeling of quantity is, strictly speaking, relative; we know nothing of magnitude, except by comparison. Hence, in the experiments described by Fechner, since the observer knows nothing of the absolute magnitude of the stimuli, he can only appreciate the magnitude of the new sensation in its relation to the foregoing. In other words, our sensations have no fixed numerical value as to intensity or extension, but acquire, in every new recurrence, a temporary value from the adjacent feelings, with which they are comparable. Hence, it follows that a given sensation, that is the effect of a given

stimulus, which, coming after a feeble one, seems of considerable intensity, would lose this value when following a much more intense antecedent. At the same time, the precise numerical value given to this law of variation, by Fechner's law, is clearly a great addition to the bare fact of relativity, serving, as has already been remarked, to define much more exactly than had before been done, the mode in which change of stimulation impresses consciousness.*

In the eye's estimation of magnitude as well as intensity, there are numerous illustrations of this law. Some of the optical illusions respecting magnitude and direction are among the most troublesome problems of the science, and are very far from being adequately explained. Others, again, clearly rest on the relative character of our visual appreciation. For instance, it is a well-known fact that a line or angle distinctly divided into parts always looks larger than an equal magnitude undivided. The reason seems to be that in the former instance we at once see the whole as a *greater* in relation to its contained parts, whereas in the other this impressive element is wanting.

Very curious, again, is the operation of this principle in the estimation of distinct quality in sensation. We customarily speak as though the psychological effect of stimulation in a given nervous fibre were a fixed and definite phenomenon, and this is approximately true. Yet numerous experiments show that these effects vary, within certain limits, according to their antecedents or concomitants. Nor are these variations altogether referable to the fact of temporary exhaustion of the nerve. When after tasting sweet marmalade my cup of tea seems unsweetened and brackish, it may be presumed that the gustatory nerves have been temporarily rendered less susceptible of that particular mode of stimulation which results in a sensation of sweetness. But when it is found that an impression of colour on a particular part of the retina varies very appreciably according to the other colours of the field simultaneously perceived, this seems to point to a very general mental law, the exact physical counterpart of which it would perhaps be difficult to assign. The phenomena of optical con-

trast are of very great interest to the psychologist, and will have to be spoken of again presently. As a single instance of the operation of contrast in rendering a visual impression sharp and distinct, we may mention the fact that two adjacent colours in the field of vision always tend to appear too contrasted, and to approximate to complementary colours *along their common boundary*. The effect of this unconscious comparison on the qualitative peculiarity of a sensation is thus seen to be greatest when the loci of the compared impressions on the sentient surface are very close together. This is probably due to the fact that such proximity allows of the most favourable comparison by two consecutive acts of attention, without it being necessary that the two impressions should fall alternately on precisely the same nervous elements.*

Another psychological fact that receives frequent illustration in recent experiments with sensation is the influence of attention on our mental life. It is a well-known fact that when the mind is strongly pre-occupied and attention engaged, many vague feelings and ideas flit through the mind without leaving any durable trace in memory; and more than this, nervous processes which would under ordinary circumstances powerfully impress consciousness, remains without any appreciable effect. Thus to a man deeply intent on reading, moderate sounds fail to have any disturbing effect, and even a serious physical hurt may be unnoticed in the agitation of a fight, or a flight from danger. At the same time this influence of preoccupation has its limits, which it would be very interesting to inquire into. However engaged a person may be, a stimulation of light or sound of a certain force can hardly fail to arouse him.

The directing of attention is a voluntary act, and proceeds according to the influence of some practical end. Where such a motive force is wanting, we find that sensations and feelings escape notice, so to speak, that is, fail to rise into clear consciousness as distinct mental elements. On the other hand, the presence and influence of a powerful inducement, by detaining attention, serves to draw, so to speak, these vague and indistinct impres-

* Wundt suggests (*"Lehrbuch der Physiologie des Menschen,"* p. 477) that the proper significance of Fechner's law is psychological. This is scarcely an accurate account of the matter. It embodies and illustrates the law of relativity; but it has a psycho-physical value over and above this.

* This can only be hazarded as a possibility, for the eye's movements are so rapid, and so involuntary in character, that we can never be certain such an effect is not due to consecutive stimulations on the same nervous elements. It will be seen that the question of the real nature of attention, to be spoken of more fully presently, is involved here.

sions into the focus of distinct consciousness.

Each of these processes may be easily traced in the region of visual and other sensation. As interesting cases of impressions escaping consciousness, we may cite the subjective phenomena already spoken of, the lacuna in the field of vision, due to the blind spot, the presence of double images of objects lying far out of the horopter. All these phenomena pass customarily unnoticed, though it is possible, under certain circumstances, to become aware of them by a deliberate effort of attention. It is the same effect of inattention which, as Helmholtz very clearly points out, causes the first net impression in an act of perception to be so often lost to consciousness in the inferred part which has the only practical value for us. The proper understanding of the relations of pure Sensation and Inference, to which we shall presently have to turn, is only possible by remembering how impotent any part of an impression must be which fails, either by its inherent force or by its practical interest, to arrest attention.

On the other hand, a purposed act of attention will frequently extend the borders of conscious life by discovering impressions heretofore obscure and unknown. In this manner any person may discipline himself to observe a number of optical phenomena. So, too, according to Helmholtz, we may bring ourselves to notice the upper tones which blend indistinguishably to the ordinary ear in a rich vocal note. A very curious instance of the effects of attention is to be found in the so-called "rivalry" (*Wettstreit*) of the fields of vision. When we look through a microscope at two different colours, we do not, according to Helmholtz and other eminent opticians, receive a sensation of the mingled colours, but see now the colour affecting one eye, now that of the other. The same is true of two perfectly distinct figures or forms. A very slight amount of ideal anticipation, says Helmholtz, is sufficient to bring the one rather than the other into view.

It would be interesting to know the precise physiological equivalent of this effect of attention. It is commonly assumed that attention being a matter of the will, can only be directly operative on the voluntary muscles, adjusting them for a more favourable reception of impression. No doubt this is one chief factor in the process. But there are facts which seem to favour the supposition that an act of concentrated attention effects a flow of energy

not only along the *motor*, but also through the *sensory* fibres of the organ, or part of the organ concerned, rendering them highly susceptible of external stimulation. A striking example of what we mean may be found in the ease with which we may "conjure up," to use a colloquial phrase, all manner of subjective tactile feelings, such as prickings, ticklings, etc. The amount of muscular adjustment possible in the case of a great part of the tactile surface is very trifling; and these feelings seem to lend support to the view that attention, by effecting somehow an increase of nervous energy in a particular set of sensory fibres, predisposes an organ or a part of an organ to the reception of impressions. Of course, if this be so, every persistent act of attention has a characteristic danger, since this predisposition may very easily pass into a subjective feeling which is easily mistaken for an objective impression. This source of error ought to be allowed for in such conclusions as those of Helmholtz and others, that upper tones may, by an effort of attention, be distinguished in a musical note.*

It only remains to point out, in connection with the subject of attention, that correctly speaking some measure of attention is a necessary factor of every distinct sensation. No doubt there are myriads of vague feelings constantly flitting through the outer regions of consciousness, which being unnoticed cannot be recalled by memory. Yet even these are scarcely to be dignified by the name of sensations. They lack those elements of discrimination and comparison without which no distinct mental state is possible. Still less is it allowable to speak of "sensations" wholly out of consciousness, the unknown correlatives of those nervous processes which fail to affect the conscious mind. The assumption of any such correlatives appears to us highly unscientific; and certainly they should not be designated by a term which usually connotes a measure of that attention and distinct consciousness which are here supposed to be wanting.

The remaining phenomena of sensation to be considered here, involve the distinct effects of past experience through association. These processes reach too deep into the fabric of our mature sensations for the

* A real instance of this effect of anticipation in misleading perception is quoted by Helmholtz, Goethe and Brewster both asserted that they could see blue and yellow light in green light, though it is now held that green light is elementary in its nature. These observers had a strong predisposition to detect blue and yellow in green from their familiarity with the effects of combining pigments.

physiological experimenter to overlook them; and the recent investigations which we are more particularly considering here add many new and interesting examples of the mode in which the present bears the impress of the past.

The effects of association are to be found not only in the more passive side of sensation, but also in those numerous and varied movements which, though little observed, accompany and condition sensation. Our voluntary movements are learnt by a very slow process. At first they are probably random and undirected, and they come to be definite through the associations of sensation which grow up about them. Knowing nothing of our voluntary muscles, or the motor nerves by means of which they are made to contract, we are incapable of originating any definite variety of movement, except so far as it is marked off by a particular variety of feeling. These associated feelings are not only those of the muscles themselves, but also the passive sensations which are found to follow the movement. As an example of this process, we may refer to the very elaborate and delicate movements of the eyes, which are scarcely ever noticed, and are guided by the practical ends of distinct impression. It is possible to reproduce in experiment the very process by which these movements come to be learnt and executed. Professor Helmholtz gives us a very interesting example of this. It was shown by Donders, and has been established by the subsequent investigations of Listing and others, that with every change of direction of the axis of vision in relation to the head, there is a definite and invariable amount of rotation about this axis (*Raddrehung*), though the muscular apparatus of the eye easily allows of a large variety of such rotations for every movement of the axis. That other rotatory movements might be combined with a given direction of the axis, Helmholtz proves by means of an experiment. He uses for this purpose a combination of two prisms, the joint effect of which is to produce a slight amount of apparent rotation in the parts of the object looked at. When these are held before one of the eyes, and an object fixed with both eyes, it is clear that the image projected on the retina of the eye so armed does not fall on the points or nervous elements which, under ordinary circumstances, correspond to the parts of the other retina now affected. The consequence is, that double images of the object are seen. Yet after a number of efforts Helmholtz found that the eye

learns to alter its rotation, so as to bring the two retinal images on corresponding parts. In a similar way the customary combinations of adjustment and convergence come to be altered by the use of glasses, and by the constructions of the stereoscope. Even a certain amount of divergence of the axes, and of disagreement in height may be effected when, as in the case just described, these exceptional movements are rendered necessary for distinct vision.

It may be well to point out how these discoveries as to the nature of the eye's movements discountenance the supposition of any innate acquisitions in the region of voluntary action. If an inherited predisposition is ever produced by the accumulated experience of progenitors, one would expect to find it in the movements of the eye. And yet Helmholtz is disposed to view the whole of these phenomena as the product of many tentatives and effects of association in the history of the individual himself.

Still more plainly, however, do we see the effects of association in the gradual transformation of our elementary sensations into the apparently simple intuitions of our mature minds. No one, we presume, would deny that association enters very largely into our external perceptions; yet there may be very different opinions as to the extent of this influence. Nothing but a long and laborious study of the phenomena of the higher senses, more especially that of vision, can give a just impression of the depth to which it reaches in our mental life.

At first sight, indeed, it may well seem a futile task to attempt to separate the pure elementary sensations from all the added effects of repetition and comparison of impressions, as well as those of associated ideas. As we have already seen, the quality of a sensation may be found by experiment to undergo a change simply in consequence of the absence of some customary foil or contrast by which to bound it. There is little doubt that to the colour-blind the visual impressions received are qualitatively affected by the absence of so many of our elements of discrimination or contrast. How then can we assume the existence of any element in sensation perfectly independent of such extraneous influence, the pure result of a peculiar variety of nervous stimulation?

This difficulty is only an apparent one. It may be impossible to determine the precise boundary line between sensation and inference (in its widest sense), yet they

are both known to exist. The sensation of green, for example, which I now receive from an impression of light on a given class of optic fibres, undoubtedly owes much of its clearness and sharpness to rapid and imperceptible comparisons with previous like and unlike sensations; yet these very comparisons involve something fixed in the sensation itself, some property which must be referred to the peculiarity of the nervous process. The visual impression which I receive from a green leaf may be very vague through inattention and the want of the recognizing act of consciousness; yet it has that which prevents my confounding it with red, and compels me, on an instant's reflection to classify it with a vaguely defined group of greens, and the next related sensations of colour. The precision of the last or inferential part of the process depends of course on the distinctness of visual recollection, and on the proximity of similar and contrasted impressions. Hence in the experiments alluded to, slight errors occur in the recognition of colours through some unwonted arrangement of the field, whereby the necessary elements of comparison are removed.

Professor Helmholtz rightly finds a negative characteristic of the elementary or instinctive part of a sensation in the inability of any circumstance clearly traceable to experience to overcome and expel it. If a part of an impression, however elementary it may seem, is sometimes overcome and changed into its opposite by a mere element of inference or effect of experience, it is clear that it is not the pure result of the nervous stimulation, but depends, in part at least, on further and cerebral processes.* In this way, for example, we know that a person's recognition of a colour is in part an act of inference. The science of optics is full of the most startling illustrations of this displacement of inferences, so rapid and mechanical that they easily appear intuitions to persons ignorant of these facts. What, for instance, seems more of a direct intuition than that I see an object of a particular colour? Even if distance and magnitude be shown to be processes of inference, and so liable to occasional error, one would suppose that in seeing external colour there is not the slightest room for false

inference. Yet the phenomena of simultaneous contrast go to show that every projection of an impression of colour into the object-world is an inference, and as such may be erroneous. Thus if, repeating Meyer's experiment, we look at a small piece of grey paper laid on a sheet of green paper, and covered by a thin sheet of white letter-paper of exactly the same size as the coloured sheet, we shall find that the little piece appears no longer to be of a gray, but a strong rose-red hue; whatever the colour of the under sheet, the gray scrap appears complementary to it. The reason of this illusion seems to be, that we conceive the covering to be greenish instead of white, the green of the under sheet shimmering through the thin covering, and so reason that where the gray scrap lies, the pure retinal impression of which must be a dull white, there is a red colour beyond the supposed greenish veil. In other words, the actual sensation of white derived from this part of the object is resolved into two elements — namely, those of the complementary colours, green and rose-red, and our attention is fastened to the latter as the contrast to the rest of the field. Such errors of inference in the perception of objective colour are no doubt very slight, and closely limited by certain conditions; yet the very fact of their possibility shows that our supposed intuition of an object's colour is a different thing from our pure subjective impressions or sensation of colour, and being an inference may, in certain cases, be counteracted by other suggestions of experience.

The great field for this disguised play of inference is that of our *quasi* intuitions of space, as extension, distance, magnitude, &c. Nothing seems more clear to a person unaccustomed to analytical reflection, than that our eye has an immediate knowledge of these spacial relations. Yet ever since the famous denial of Berkeley, more accurate knowledge of the eye and its function has been gradually upsetting the popular creed. A large number of the facts thus brought to light — such as the celebrated discoveries of Wheatstone — are now familiar to all psychological students, and we suppose it may be safely assumed by this time that at least distance is no part of the retinal impression, but is only capable of being suggested to the eye by the various feelings of adjustment and convergence and change of retinal picture. As with distance, so with direction. It is provable that the eye has no instinctive knowledge of the direction of a visible object, but that this no less than distance is

* This proposition must not, Helmholtz says, be converted. Not every accretion of inference is capable of being expelled even by the most forcible contradictory evidence, otherwise there would be none of that discrepancy between conception and belief which Mr. Mill has so fully exposed.

an inference supplied by associations with our motor and tactual experiences. Helmholtz describes an experiment by which the acquired character of this perception is strikingly shown. If one takes two prisms and places them in the framework of a pair of spectacles, with their angles of refraction both turned left, the optical effect of these glasses is to make all objects appear to be shifted to the left of their actual situation. If one, then, seeks to fix the exact direction of a particular object, and having closed the eyes, tries to reach it with his hand, he will find himself feeling too much to the left. But when these trials have been repeated frequently enough, he will gradually learn to hit the required object. If, when this stage is reached, he removes the spectacles and tries as before, with closed eyes, to reach an object, his hand will wander too much to the right. Further, if, when the right hand has learnt to reach an object first looked at through the glasses, the left hand be tried, the eyes being again closed, the observer will find himself able to reach the object just as easily and certainly as with the right. This appears to prove conclusively that it is the eye and not the hand which has altered its appreciation of direction. The newly instructed eye has come to see the object left of its previous direction in exactly the same sense in which it used to see it in this direction, the quasi intuition being in both cases an inference as to motor and other experiences lying outside the limits of visual impression.

Another fact which throws much light on the derivative or acquired nature of our perception of direction has been established by Hering. If, after both eyes have looked at a very distant object, so that the axes were parallel, the right eye be closed, and the other then accommodated for a nearer point in its previous line of vision, this new object will not appear in the same direction, but shifted to the left. Yet the open eye remains fixed in the same direction, and only the closed eye has moved to a state of convergence. It follows from this, that the position of the closed eye helps to determine an eye's sense of direction. Hering and Helmholtz both represent this fact by the supposition of an imaginary eye midway between the two eyes. Each of our real eyes sees objects in the direction of the axis of such a cyclopean eye. This estimation of the direction of all nearer objects from a point midway between the two eyes accords, as Helmholtz says, with the supposition otherwise proved, that direction is not an intuitive

perception of the eye, but an inference from the position of both eyes in relation to one another, the real thing inferred being the particular mode of movement which my hand would have to make if setting out from the median plane of my body, or which my body itself would have to make, in order to come into contact with the given object.

Finally, there is the more intricate question as to whether the eye at rest has any immediate knowledge of lateral extension together with form and magnitude. On a first view of the matter it seems self-evident that the retina being itself extended, any impression on its nervous element, will contain immediate information of these special properties. Yet all the facts go to show that the eye's perception of extension is as much derived as its knowledge of distance. All that is required in order to explain the phenomena of optics is to attribute a qualitative difference of sensation of some kind or another to the different nervous fibres of the retina, by which an impression on a particular element will somehow appear unlike those on other elements, the distinguishing quality of each fibre being something constant, so that any new impression on the same element will at once be recognized as like previous ones in this respect. What this difference of local sign (*Localzeichen*) really is we cannot in the nature of the case discover, since *ex hypothesi* it has long ago been buried under associations derived from our other organs. Yet that it exists and is of a very precise nature must be assumed in order to account for the nice discriminations and recognitions of the tutored eye. For instance, it is proved that the comparison by the eye of linear magnitude is only exact when the lines are so situated that the eye, moving according to the laws of rotation already referred to, is able to superpose, so to speak, the image of the second line on exactly the same series of retinal elements as that occupied by the first. In other words, the feeling of duration of muscular movement is much less exact than that of the coincidence or non-coincidence of nerve-fibres affected. The exquisite microscopic fineness of the optic fibres gives to the eye its distinguishing clearness and accuracy of space perception, although in every case these perceptions refer to extra-visual, or, at least, extra-retinal, modes of sensibility.

We are unable to cite all the optical facts which support the derivative theory of visible extension. Professor Helmholtz has done eminent service in bringing them

into their right prominence and showing their bearings on the rival theories.* Perhaps the most conclusive refutation of the innate or intuitive theory is to be found in the phenomena of single and double vision. An exact study of the range and limits of single vision, such as are set forth by Helmholtz, shows the enormous difficulties belonging to all theories of identical points in the two retinæ having, *ab initio*, one and the same feeling of extension. Indeed, this supposition is directly contradicted, according to Helmholtz, by some of the newest discoveries in stereoscopic vision. On the other hand, these same phenomena receive an easy and satisfactory explanation from the empirical or derivative hypothesis. The precise situation of the corresponding points of the two retinæ, the margin within which an impression will coalesce with that of a given point in the other retina, the phenomena and limitations of relief, — all these things are fully accounted for on this theory; and should any of our readers be still in doubt on the point, we can only refer him to the exhaustive treatment of the subject by Professor Helmholtz.†

How the intuitionist proposes to deal with the host of well-established illusions of the senses we are at a loss to understand. Yet this is certainly his most urgent business. On the supposition that immediate sensation is an infinitesimal quantity, and that a large proportion of what seems to us immediate and intuitive is the product of past experience, it is no mystery that our senses should deceive us. All that is required is to arrange a set of external conditions by means of which the modicum of immediate sensation may be produced, apart from those adjuncts which customarily attend it and have become so inseparably associated with it. This device is effected by a large part of those experiments which physiologists have recently instituted. On the other hand, if we are to accept the old theory of an intuitive knowledge of space relations, what is the meaning of all these signal failures

of the intuitive faculty? A single instance of error is sufficient to destroy the venerable and amiable notion of an infallible consciousness, and if the phenomena of external perception continue to be referred to this department of knowledge, we shall scarcely envy its possessors the mental comfort which is said to flow from a perfect reliance on the veracity of consciousness.

In conclusion, it may not be amiss to remind the reader that no number of such experiments as those here described can at all affect the question of an independent external world. Physiologists who experiment with an individual's sensations by means of external stimuli necessarily assume the antithesis of the external and internal, which, indeed, nobody questions; and it is not their province to inquire into its final significance, but simply to determine the various aspects of their co-existence and to formulate its laws. Thus, when it is said, for example, by Helmholtz that our sensations are signs which for the most part we disregard, except so far as they indicate objective facts, this statement by no means necessitates a belief in something independent of mind; for, on the Idealist's theory, no less than on the Absolutist's, our single, individual impressions are unimportant as compared with the permanent assurance of impressions to all minds, and a large part of passive sensation is of little account, except as suggesting modes of voluntary action by means of which some evil may be arrested, or the store of our daily happiness increased.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

CHRISTINA NORTH.

BY E. M. ARCHER.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE days that followed passed, as such days will pass, outwardly very like those which had preceded the downfall of Christina's hopes and the wreck of her happiness. She had never again referred to the letter she had received, and her mother dared not speak of it to her. Mr. North had been told, of course; and although he had been bitter in his resentment at the moment, it seemed as if increasing weakness had diminished his powers of memory, and after the first day it often seemed to Mrs. North as if it had passed away altogether from his mind.

* Physiologische Optik." Dritter Abschnitt, § 33. Kritik der Theorien.

† It strikes us as a pity that Mr. Monck did not take the trouble, before writing his ingenious but very hasty essay on "Space and Vision," to look at Helmholtz's masterly work. He could hardly fail, by so doing to see the meagreness of his few plausible arguments for the eye's intuition of its own retinal space, beside the long array of facts there drawn up against such an hypothesis. This negligence appears all the more singular as Mr. Monck so often expresses his wish to test his theory by the more intricate optical phenomena.

As to Christina, she was pale and silent, but she moved about the house as usual: she waited upon her grandfather and cared for his comfort; she took her share in the night nursing and would never own that she was tired; she met Mrs. Oswestry without embarrassment; and she was kind and friendly in her manner to Mr. Warde when he came to see her grandfather: she was not exactly repellent or ungracious, but yet, for some reason or other, they none of them dared to speak to her of what had occurred.

She had made no answer to Walter Cleasby's letter. What could she say? She told herself that that page of her life had been closed for ever, and she would not speak of it again. She bore herself bravely, and those about her could only guess at what was passing within her.

Walter hung about the place in the hope that he might meet some one of whom he might venture to ask what was passing at the White House. At first he had a faint hope that he might receive some word in answer to his letter: he had even thought that it was possible she might consent to see him; but three days passed and he heard nothing. He knew that he had brought it upon himself; even now he did not wish it undone, but the suspense was hard to bear. He tortured himself by conjuring up twenty different solutions of her silence: and then again sometimes he thought it was pride and resentment which prevented her from making any sign, and he tried to be thankful that it should be so. It would make it easier for her if her indignation should master all else.

Mrs. North had written very briefly and coldly, simply acknowledging his letter, and intimating that under the altered circumstances no doubt he had done wisely in breaking his engagement; but she made no mention of Christina. Miss Cleasby had called at the White House to inquire for Mr. North; but she had only seen Janet, who answered her shortly, and from whom she was too proud to ask more than the doctor's opinion. So the days passed wretchedly at the Park, and Walter harassed by business matters and growing desperate in his anxiety to hear of Christina, could no longer keep up any pretence of indifference, but made his sister uneasy by his restless manner and altered looks.

She was driving through the village on the fourth day in her pony carriage, thinking of it all and with a cloud of anxiety on her usually serene face, when it suddenly cleared and was replaced by a flush

of eagerness, as she caught sight of Mr. Warde coming out of a cottage, and trotted the pony up to him.

"Can you spare me a few minutes?" she said almost breathless in her impetuosity. "Oh, Mr. Warde, you are my good angel! you will be able to tell me what I want to know."

"I am sure I shall be very happy if I can be of any use," he said, pleased and surprised at the appeal, but in truth feeling as if his position as Miss Cleasby's good angel was, however delightful, slightly embarrassing.

"I suppose you have heard of our misfortune?" said Augusta, leaning forward and allowing the pony to proceed at a foot's pace whilst Mr. Warde walked beside the carriage.

"Yes; I was very sorry to hear of it," he said, looking at her with grave interest.

"We do not want to publish it at present," Augusta went on, "because, you see, it is so disagreeable to have everyone talking about you; and when we are gone —"

"Then you are going?" he said, with something of regret in his voice.

"Of course we are going, but that is not what I wanted to talk about. Mr. Warde, you go to the White House, I know; you will forgive me if I am doing wrong, but you cannot think what a relief it would be to know something about — about them," said Augusta, hesitating to pronounce Christina's name.

"Christina has spoken to no one," he said, understanding what it was that she wished to know and replying with the straightforwardness natural to him. "Her mother tells me that since that first evening when she forced her to it, she has not opened her lips upon the subject. No doubt it would be better for her if she could be open; but I do not see who has a right to break through the reserve she chooses to maintain. She looks very pale, but she goes about the house as usual."

There was a controlled displeasure in his manner. Augusta felt that he was blaming Walter and could not refrain from taking up his defence.

"Walter could not have done otherwise," she said. "I feel, Mr. Warde, that you are blaming him. He has suffered also, but it has not been his fault."

"I have pronounced no judgment upon him," said the Vicar. "It is not for me to judge; but I have been very sorry for Christina, and very sorry for you all."

"But the part which touches her is the worst," said Augusta. "It is sad for my

brother also; but it is not the money which matters so much."

"You do not yet know how much money does matter," he said, gravely. "You have been all your life accustomed to riches. It requires a long apprenticeship to understand either the privations or the blessings of poverty."

"And you think I am not capable of it!" she said; and he saw to his surprise that she was hurt by the inference she had drawn from his words.

"I had no right to say so,—I had not intended, I had not meant to judge you," he answered; and for the second time in his life he felt the embarrassment which no one but Miss Cleasby had ever produced in him.

"I think a little wholesome admonition would do me good," she said. "You see, Mr. Warde, I cannot trouble Walter; and he is younger, and so I have no one to go to when I want a little advice. I might ask Lady Bassett, but then she would never keep our counsel; and, besides, I know exactly what she would say beforehand. Do you think you could imagine yourself a Ritualist just for a quarter of an hour, Mr. Warde, and think that I am a High Church young lady come to you for ghostly counsel?"

"Those preliminaries are not necessary," he said, recovering himself.

"We will leave them out then," she said; "and indeed it is upon very worldly affairs that I want to consult you. I suppose you know that we have lost, not only some money, but everything; it does not matter how, only it has not been Walter's fault; and now he wants me to go and live with our Uncle Robert, who is a banker in London. He is kind enough; it is kind of him to ask me, and I cannot bear to vex Walter by refusing; but I certainly do dislike it most particularly. I cannot bear to be always dependent. He is my uncle; but it is not as if I knew him well, and I know he will be as much bored as I shall be. Now what do young ladies do when they have no means, or next to none, and want to support themselves in a way that will not hurt their relations' susceptibilities?"

"If I had adopted the character which you assigned to me," said the Vicar, "I should answer at once: enter a sisterhood."

"I should not mind it so very much," said Augusta, after a pause, "if I might take Don with me."

Mr. Warde was growing perplexed; he would have thought that she was laughing

at him: but when he looked at her, he could not but believe in her earnestness. There was a touch of humour about her mouth, but there was no doubt that her difficulties were real enough, and that they weighed upon her.

"It is so difficult for me to judge," he said; "I wish I could help you, but I know so little about these things. Of course I was not serious about the sisterhood. It must be very hard for you, to leave your brother and this place."

"Yes; rather hard!" she said; and he saw to his surprise that her eyes were wet with tears. She had been striving to keep up Walter's spirits for the last three days: she had been taking last looks at her familiar haunts and endeavouring to reconcile herself to the change, and her naturally strong nerves had been so far tried as to make them susceptible to what at another time would have made little impression upon them.

"I wish I could do anything," he repeated in his perplexity. He said it with such grave anxiety that Augusta could not help laughing, even whilst for some reason she felt provoked.

"I don't know why I care so much," she said; "it is very ridiculous. We won't talk about it any more. Thank you for letting me burthen you with all my troubles. I have taken up a great bit of of your time; but you know I said I should look upon you as a friend if I ever was in any trouble, and you see it came before we expected it after all, and took me a little by surprise."

She said it softly, and turned her fine face towards him and held out her hand.

"It is for me to thank you," he said.

"No, no," she answered, colouring as she spoke; "but I hope you will let me know if you do chance to hear of any favourable opening for me. Good-bye, and thank you." She shook the reins and the little pony carriage was soon out of sight in the winding road. She felt a little dreary and desolate. The only friend she had at hand had been unable to give her any assistance, and she felt now that it had been unreasonable and foolish of her to ask it of him: and then something in the tone of his parting words had made her uncomfortable. She wished that she had not spoken.

She went straight into the drawing-room when she reached home, thinking to find her brother and give him the small piece of comfort she had been able to extract from Mr. Warde: at least Christina was not ill, but able to occupy herself as

usual, and this would be something of a consolation to Walter: but he was not at home, and she had only time to write a hasty note to be sent after him in case he should be detained long in Overton, when the door-bell rang, and she prepared to receive some unconscious visitor with outward composure. Then came the sound of steps across the stone hall which she seemed to recognize, and Lewis opened the door and announced Mr. Warde. She had risen at his entrance, and now stood still before him in her amazement.

"After I had parted from you," he began almost before the door was shut, "I thought of another alternative. You said that I might come if I thought of anything, and you have only to say, No. Miss Cleasby, is it possible that you would let me take you to my home?"

She liked, and respected, and honoured and trusted him; and yet she did not know what to say. She sank down in a chair, and could as yet hardly open her mind to any other feeling than that of blank surprise.

"I never thought of it before," he said; "I knew that you were different from other women; but there was a barrier, and when it was partly knocked down it still seemed impossible at first. If it seems so to you now, as I feel it must, you have only to say, No."

"But I find it almost as difficult to say No as to say Yes," she said at last, almost speaking to herself.

"Then do not say anything at all. It is an important decision. I can wait."

"But, Mr. Warde, it will not be any easier by and by, and perhaps you might help me a little. It is not only myself that I am thinking about. I am *not sure* that I care for you; but I am *not at all* sure that you care for me."

He paused a moment before he answered, and she sat still and expectant, with her eyes fixed upon his face. He did not shun them.

"I do care for you," he said, in his manly voice, from which the momentousness of the occasion had taken away all shadow of embarrassment. "I knew before that there was no one else like you; but I did not understand it at first; after you left me, it came upon me quite suddenly, like an inspiration."

"That is very curious," she said, with a soft little laugh.

"I do not know that it is curious. But I can understand that the thing seems impossible to you. If it could have been, it would have been a great happiness to me;

if it is not to be, I can live without it; only do not deceive yourself by thinking that I do not care."

She did not, she could not deceive herself now; she understood that the man was throwing all the force of his strong nature into the effort to maintain a self-control which should neither disturb nor hurry her decision; and she too could be generous: "I may be deceiving myself, but I almost think that I do too," she said, in a low voice, casting down her eyes.

Then, self-controlled and humble though he was, he knew that he had won. "Thank Heaven," he said, and a sudden flush of triumph lighted up his face.

"That is rather premature," said Augusta, just glancing at him from under her eyelids. "You see, Mr. Warde, as you said just now, this is an important decision: I don't know whether we should either of us act in this way if we were quite in our right minds. You say that you were inspired, and I think I must wait until I am inspired too."

He had been very forbearing; he had warned her that she had better take time to consider, and she had rejected his warning; he felt that she had gone too far with him to go back, and that she would never know her own mind better than she knew it now.

"There is no need to wait," he said impetuously; "it is an important decision, but I believe that if you wish to give me your answer, you can do so now. If you tell me that you want time to consider, I will wait; but if you can say Yes, or No, it will be kinder to say it at once."

"Even if it is No."

"Yes, even if it is No, it is better that it should be said at once."

There was a pause, and then she rose up suddenly and held out her hand to him.

"I cannot say No," she said, colouring and smiling; "so if you are in such a hurry —"

"You need say nothing more," he answered, and his voice touched her by its expression of earnest and supreme contentment.

"It is very good of you to care so much. I do care for you," she said gravely.

And at this point Lewis suddenly interrupted the interview, coming in with a little pink note from Lady Bassett. Augusta came down to the realities of common life as she read it.

"DEAR AUGUSTA," the note said, "I am so very sorry. I wonder if it is really true that you have lost everything. I could not be happy

without writing to you; I thought you were going to have a little peace and quiet, and you know how fond I am of you and of poor dear Walter. What shall you do? If it would be any little comfort to see your poor old friend who is so sorry for you, you have only to write a word to say so to your affectionate

"CAROLINE BASSETT."

They were waiting for an answer, and Augusta sat down at her table and wrote a few hasty lines, apologizing to Mr. Warde as ceremoniously as if he were still nothing more to her than the Incumbent of the parish.

She was grateful for Lady Bassett's kindness, but just now she did not want to see her.

"DEAR LADY BASSETT," she said, "it is very kind of you. It is quite true. Walter and I will come over to see you some day before we leave. Yours affectionately,

"AUGUSTA CLEASBY."

The interruption had been trivial enough, but it had sufficed to bring down Augusta's mind from the serious altitudes to which it had for a time ascended. For the moment she had been carried away by his earnestness and her own feelings, but she was now again capable of looking at the external aspect of the case, and, in spite of everything, she could not help being amused at the situation.

"Have you ever thought that I may be a rather inconvenient possession?" she said, after a short silence during which he had been indulging in visions of future happiness such as had never before presented themselves to his practical imagination; "it is very strange and new, and I don't understand it at all myself; but have you ever thought what you will do with me now that you have me?"

"That is to come," he said, with unruffled serenity. And now she felt the gravity of the situation with a sudden pressure; but instead of yielding to it, she threw it off with a flight of levity which was hardly natural.

"Yes, there is a great deal to come," said Augusta; "but now I want to talk to you a little about the things that are *not* to come. There are to be no talks with the schoolmistress about the children; there are to be no visitings of rheumatic old women; and I am not to be expected to scold the cook if the mutton is overdone. There is also one other little condition which I should like to make. Dear Don has been accustomed to the best society; he abhors cats; so, if there is one in the house she must take her leave; and

he, of course, will live in the drawing-room as he does here."

"It is rather too late to make conditions," said the Vicar.

"But it is not too late to go back: I have said that I like you—next best to Don; but I have not said——"

"You have said quite enough to make me very happy," interrupted Mr. Warde, "so happy that nothing you can say now can make any difference to me."

"I am very happy too," she said; "I did not think that anyone would care for me now as you care for me." Then she paused for a moment, and added, thinking of Christina, "It is not so new to you as it is to me."

"It is as new; it has never been the same before," he said, answering her look.

"It is very new, and rather strange. I did not mean all that I said just now; but you will forgive me if I cannot help laughing a little; it would not have been so odd if you had not been a clergyman. Of course you did not think I meant all I said. I cannot go back now."

"No, thank Heaven!"

"But I wish you would not be in such a hurry. That is the second time you have said it, and these premature thanksgivings make me feel a little afraid of myself. In a week we shall know more about it, and then we can have a special one in church, if you like,"—and just at that moment, in time, perhaps, to spare her a reproof, the clock struck seven, and she broke off suddenly. "You must go," she said; "Walter will be coming home and I must see him alone."

CHAPTER XXIII.

AUGUSTA's note had reached Captain Cleasby in Overton. It was a relief to him. At least Christina was not seriously ill; and as to the rest, perhaps it was best that there should at present be no communication between them.

He met his sister looking more like himself than he had done for the past week, and went up and kissed her, though he was not usually demonstrative.

"Thank you, Gusty," he said, gratefully; "you have taken a load off my mind." Augusta looked at him rather strangely, in a way he did not understand, but she made no direct answer; and during dinner nothing passed between them upon the subject. Afterwards, sitting with her in the drawing-room, he said abruptly—

"How did you hear?" for in her note she had made no mention of Mr. Warde.

"I was out driving, and in the village I

met Mr. Warde," she said, somewhat hesitatingly. "I thought he had probably been with Mr. North, and so I asked him."

"Had he seen her?"

"Yes: and he said what I told you, — that she was going about as usual, and he seemed to think —"

"I don't care what he thinks," interrupted Walter; he had introduced the subject himself, and yet he felt as if he could not bear to have it discussed or to hear what other people thought about it; "he is not a man of any discernment; if he has seen her, she is not ill, and that is enough."

"You do him injustice, Walter."

"If I do, it does not matter. Look here, Gusty: this is what Uncle Robert says to me to-day; but it is more for you than for me. He seems anxious to be kind, and he is coming down here for a day or two, so it will not be like going to a stranger."

"No," said Augusta slowly; "but, Walter, you must not be angry if I say that I think perhaps I may not go to Uncle Robert after all."

"Not go to him! Nonsense!" he said; "what else can you do? You know, Augusta, I cannot keep you with me; and what are you to live upon unless you go to him? I don't say it is what I could have wished for you, but I don't see what else can be done. Whatever you do, don't go in for pride and independence. There is nothing to hurt your pride, if you were as proud as Lucifer, in accepting an uncle's hospitality. Of course it would be different if you were a man; but if there is one thing that is detestable it is an independent woman."

"It is not only pride, Walter."

"Then what preposterous notion is it?"

"I think of marrying Mr. Warde," said Augusta, with her eyes on the ground.

He was worried and sad, and even a little indignant, but yet he could not help laughing.

"Don't be so silly," he said; "really one would have thought the last week would have taken the capacity for making jokes away from us. I am sure Lewis would be scandalized if he heard us laughing. Have you noticed the lugubrious and sympathetic tone in which he announces dinner?"

And then she saw to her dismay that neither his laughter nor his incredulity was feigned, but on the contrary quite natural and spontaneous.

"I did not mean it as a joke," she said. "It may seem odd to you at first, but, odd or not, it is true. I met him this afternoon, and then he came here afterwards and I accepted him."

"What nonsense is this?" he said, but could no longer remain unmoved, or altogether incredulous.

"It is just this, Walter, that I have accepted him. I should be so much happier, dear Walter, if you could say you do not mind."

"It is inconceivable!" he said, in his vexation and anger, walking away to the window. "Oh, Gusty, why could you not have waited? If you were so averse to going to Uncle Robert, I would have contrived something else. Anything sooner than this should have happened."

"It was not only because of Uncle Robert," she said, falteringly.

"Then what was it? If you must have married, why not have taken some one else? You know Algy Fielder only waited for a word of encouragement to be at your feet. I did not wish it before; he was not worthy of you; but at least you would have been safe and prosperous with him. And after all, he is a gentleman, and handsome, and devoted to you."

"He is not capable of real devotion; he does not understand it. But, Walter, you say I have often been unjust to you, and now you are unjust to me. It is not Uncle Robert, — it is not because of what has happened, — it is not that I wanted a home."

"Then what is it?" he said, more softly.

"It is because I care for him," she said bravely, looking him full in the face.

"Nonsense!" he said, "what do you mean? You don't understand what you are saying: do you mean to say that it is with you as — as it is with me?"

"Not as it is with you, Walter. No, there are different ways; but I do care for him."

He paced the room once more in his perplexity, and then he came and sat down on the sofa by her.

"Gusty," he said, almost jealously, "do you mean to say that he comes first?" It was not his nature to be exacting. A month ago he would have parted with her gladly if he had liked the man who had taken her from him, or even if he had considered it a good marriage for her in a worldly point of view; but now it would have been hard to part with her to anyone: she was the one thing which remained to him. The Cleasbys were not a demonstrative race, but these two had been together all their lives, and now a common misfortune had made them cling closer to each other. Yes; now it would have been very hard to part with her to anyone, and

to Mr. Warde it was almost an impossibility. Her heart was aching at the thought of the parting, and she clung to him and cried—

"Next to you, Walter,—next to you!"

"That is but a poor consolation," he said. But yet it was a consolation; he was still sad and perplexed, but her impulsive words had taken away the soreness from his heart.

"I ought to be glad, I suppose, that you are happy, Gusty," he said; "but you cannot expect me to say that I think him worthy of you. If you consented from an impulse of gratitude or anything of that sort, do not be ashamed to confess it; it would be better than to be forced to repent afterwards. Just think how different it will be from anything to which you have been accustomed."

"I have thought; I have thought of it all; and if it were not for you, I should not hesitate a moment to say I am quite happy. It is only that I cannot bear to think that I am shutting myself off from you."

"You could not do that, Gusty," he said, in his old fond tones.

They sat together silently for a few minutes after that, each knowing that however near they might seem to be to each other now, nevertheless a separation was inevitable. The old love, the old bond could not indeed be done away with; but yet after she was married it would never be the same again.

"Good night, Gusty," he said at last; "forgive me if I have not been all that a brother should have been to-night. But it was an unexpected blow, and I am very tired."

Yet he was not a man to fight against the inevitable. He felt that she had a right to choose for herself, and however great a disappointment her choice might be to him, by the next day he had made up his mind to make the best of it.

"Am I to see him to-day?" he said. "I suppose he will come up here. I must write to Uncle Robert, and perhaps you had better write too. I believe he will be secretly relieved, but he will make heroic efforts to disguise his satisfaction; and I don't suppose he will find much difficulty in reprobating you when he finds you are giving him up for the sake of a poor country parson."

"I will write," said Augusta; and then she added, rather pleadingly, "You will be kind to him, won't you, when you see him?"

"I must, I suppose," he said; "but I

shall find it rather difficult. However, if I admire nothing else in him, I admire his audacity. I believe if he had had the chance he would have proposed to the five wise virgins in rotation. But there, Gusty, I have said my say, and I shall be very happy to see him, if you will send him into my study when he comes."

Augusta Cleasby and Mr. Warde were the only actors in the little drama who were able at this time to extract any comfort or happiness from the circumstances by which they were surrounded. Walter had barely time to transact the necessary business; leisure had hitherto been to him a necessity of life, but now he left himself no moment of relaxation and often sat up over his papers until late in the night. To his sister's remonstrances he replied that the business must be transacted, and he was impatient to be done with it all; but she guessed that he dreaded to leave himself time for regrets. The lawyer came down to see him, and Mr. Waltham the younger, to whom the estate had been mortgaged; and Walter, always courteous and apparently coldly indifferent, excited their wonder by his unconcerned manner. In truth, though it was a pang to him to part with the property which he had looked upon as his own and the home which he had been learning to love, and the countless accessories which belong to wealth, all this appeared of small importance by the side of the far harder renunciation which he had felt himself called upon to make.

Ten days had passed in interviews with lawyers and business correspondence; and now the affairs had been put in order, and it only remained to select the few pieces of personal property which the Cleasbys had determined to retain, and then the estate, the house and everything it contained, was to be put up to auction.

"We must go away first, Augusta," Captain Cleasby had said; "people have been very kind and considerate, but we could not stay on here much longer: and as Uncle Robert has written so kindly, and wants you at least to go to him for a month or two and be married from his house, I think it will be much the best thing for you to do. He will come down two or three days before the sale, and he wants to take you home with him."

"And you will come too, Walter?" she said, entreatingly.

"I shall be in London? yes; but I shall not go up on that day, I think. I shall stay until the last."

Then, though her heart was beating

with apprehension and agitation, she forced herself to ask another question: "And afterwards, dear Walter?"

"Afterwards? Why should we talk about that?" he said; "sufficient to the day——" and then he paused, and felt that she must know sometime and that it might be best if he could bring himself to say it.

"Afterwards, I shall not be in London," he said gently, but in the tone of a man who has taken an irrevocable resolution; "I did not like to put it all upon you at once, Gusty: but I have for long made up my mind that I could not remain in England."

"Why did you not tell me before?" she said, trembling; "it was cruel to keep this until the last. I cannot part with you."

"Be reasonable, Gusty," he said; "I cannot live in England. Even if I could support myself in London, it would be a miserable existence, and it would do no one any real good. You could not be with me, and I could not be at Overton. No, Gusty, our ways have lain together so far, but they are diverging now. You are entering upon a new life, one that you have chosen for yourself, and I too must make a new beginning."

Then she burst into tears and exclaimed, "I will come too! I cannot let you go."

"And you will leave Warde behind?" he said, smiling sadly. "No, Gusty, you are much too fond of me, but you cannot do that."

Yet even in the midst of his trouble he was partly comforted by the love which had prompted her unreasonable proposition. He had made up his mind. When he was in London, when first the blow had fallen upon him, he had come across an old college friend who had taken a farm in South America, and was going out in a month or two to settle upon it. He was rather dreading the inevitable solitude of his life, and when he found that Cleasby was only anxious to escape from England and had no settled plans for the future, he used every argument to induce him to be his companion. And Walter yielded easily to his persuasions. He cared very little where he went, only it was a necessity to him to escape from the country and all old associations, and if possible to fix his fate before returning to Overton, so as to preclude all discussion. He had always liked Mr. Leslie; he was clever, original, taciturn, and eminently gentlemanlike; he would not in any way jar upon him; and as he was starting with a very small capital, Captain Cleasby's services would am-

ply compensate for any obligation he might incur at the beginning. All this had been settled even before he returned to Overton, but he had postponed the necessary disclosure, dreading Augusta's opposition and dismay. It was over now, and it only remained to break the other tie, which was closer than even that which bound him to his sister. He had already indeed broken with Christina, but he could not feel that all was over until he had seen her once more. Sometimes his dread of a meeting was so strong that he thought it would be better for them both that they should never look upon each other again. And then he felt that this was impossible. All this time she had sent him no word, she had made no sign; he knew nothing of what was passing at the White House; and the desire to speak to her again, to see her, and hear her voice, conquered his dread. He felt instinctively that she would not refuse to see him. He did not desire to be forgiven: he said to himself that it would be better for her that she should not be able to forgive: but at least they must meet once more.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CHRISTINA had in truth maintained a more complete silence than Walter Cleasby knew. She had not only given him no word or sign, but she had also held so impenetrable a shield before her that even those with whom she lived could know nothing of what she felt. They only saw that she was quieter, sadder, colder, and more composed than she had ever been before. Her manner was gentler, and her thoughtfulness for her grandfather more apparent than it had been; she could even smile at times; but yet even Mrs. North, who was not a sympathetic observer, perceived that there was nothing spontaneous about her. She did not speak as she had been used to do, upon the impulse of the moment; her smile was no longer the sudden, vivid flash of youth and happiness; it was slow and sad and indifferent. She had never been used to occupy herself steadily, but now, after her hours of attendance upon her grandfather were over, she would sit long, working silently, in the parlour. And all this time she asked no questions, she gave no confidence, she referred in no way whatever to what had taken place. One day her mother gathered courage to make in her presence some casual remarks upon the Cleasby's misfortunes; but she seemed as though she had not heard, and made no answer.

Yet it was not pride and resentment, as Walter had imagined, which kept her silent. She had been cruelly wounded; she had been bitter and indignant, but this had long passed away. Something far deeper, something which he could hardly have comprehended, made it impossible for her to speak until she should have fought the battle with herself. For it was no longer against her fate, but against herself, that she was fighting; and strange as it may seem, incredible as it would have seemed to him, he did not at this time hold the first place in her thoughts. She had awakened to a sense of what her life had been — to a bewildered knowledge of something beyond and above her, against which she had sinned, in ignorance perhaps, but yet in wilful ignorance. She had imagined that she could shape her own destiny; she had resisted it; she had fled from it; she had thought that she had conquered it; and then at last she found that it was pressing upon her, and that there was now no way of escape. She had stretched out eager hands to grasp her happiness; she had not meant to be cruel, but yet she had thrust aside everything which came in her way; and, after all, her hands remained empty. She had allowed herself to be bound to Bernard, not knowing what she was doing, and then, when she found out her mistake, she had not brought herself to make a free confession, but had, in her fear of discovery, fled from herself and from the judgment to come, and taken a desperate step by way of securing her safety, and all the time had told herself that is was her duty. She knew that she could not care for Mr. Warde; but then he did not care for her, and she had thought to bury her past. That step she had retraced; the happiness which she had conceived herself strong enough to renounce had shown itself to her eyes, and had constrained her to acknowledge that she could not of her own free will leave it behind her. There had followed a time when the present was yet more beautiful than the future, when each hour brought its own tribute of perfect happiness; when her past sins and sorrows shed only at moments a shadow across the path of light which she was treading; and then suddenly darkness had fallen upon her, and despair and misery; but in her darkness an unearthly Light had shone. She saw things as she had never seen them before; objects took unaccustomed forms; the shadows fell in strange places; and her eyes were sometimes dazzled by the heavenly splendour. Her own desires and

hopes and aspirations faded into insignificance; she was no longer struggling against her fate; she recognized with horror and remorse that she had been fighting against grace, fighting against God; her human instincts were still strong within her, and, though outwardly cold and calm, she was fighting in her silence a fierce battle with herself. But at least she no longer thought that she could mould her own fate; she was no longer even crying for deliverance; only that she might be able to accept what had been sent; and dimly through the mist of her past sins and present perplexities the consciousness of the Divine Power made itself felt, and at this despairing moment of her life shed peace upon her soul.

Yet this could not last for ever. After about ten days of silence and a hardly-won resignation, she was recalled to her individual misery; and human instincts and feverish longings crowded her heart and pressed upon it, so that it seemed the sharp pang of recollection gave her physical pain as she saw the well-known handwriting upon the note which Janet brought to her:

"Can you see me?" it said; "I know I have no right to ask it, but yet I think that you will not refuse me; it is for the last time. You need never hear of me again — this once, Christina, and then I will ask nothing more."

"The man is waiting for an answer, Miss Christina," said Janet, standing before her. Then Christina started, and rose up trembling, and went to the table, and would have written her answer, but her hand shook so that she could not hold the pen.

"Tell him yes," she said; and when she was left alone, she sat gazing at the letter with a passionate yearning which frightened her. Was it all to come over again? Had it all been in vain? Was her old life and her old love still so strong within her? She put down her head upon the table, and, for the first time since the blow had fallen, burst into passionate long-drawn sobs.

It was not until the first rush of irrepressible misery had spent itself that she recollected all the difficulties which stood in the way of a meeting. Her mother would not, she knew, understand the instinct which made it impossible for her to refuse to see him. Her grandfather would never give consent to his entrance into the house; and yet she felt that she could not go to the Park. She went into the passage and called Janet.

"Janet," she said, low and hurriedly, drawing her back into the room and shutting the door, "go to the Park and ask to see Miss Cleasby, and say that I will see Captain Cleasby, at five o'clock this evening. Go at once, but first see if my mother is in grandpapa's room, and ask her to come to me here."

She was left again for a few minutes alone — only for a few; but in that time she had recovered some outward composure, and it was only by the strain in her voice and by the nervous tension of her clasped hands that she betrayed her inward agitation when Mrs. North came in answer to her summons.

"What is it Christina?" she said nervously; "I am sure I have had so many shocks lately that the least thing is enough to frighten me. What has happened now?"

"It is only this, mother, that I must see Captain Cleasby here this evening."

"Your grandfather will not allow it: it is impossible, Christina: your own pride ought to tell you that it is impossible. He is going away; all that is over; he is going out of the country, and you need never hear of him again. You ought to be glad that it is so. It is for your own good not to see him now: he has no right to ask it."

Christina put her hands up wearily to her head, too much oppressed to make any answer; and Mrs. North thought that she was wavering, and continued the stream of her discourse —

"You must see that it is better not," she said; "I know how generous you are, and you would always sacrifice yourself; but in this case you would be sacrificing yourself to no purpose. You can do him no good."

"I have said that I will see him, mother."

"Then I will write," cried Mrs. North; "you shall not be troubled, but he shall not come here, or see you again. I will write to him."

"No, mother," said Christina, suddenly rising up — a tall figure, with a pale face that looked paler in the dusky room and eyes that had grown intense in determination: "No, mother, you shall not do that. It is only this once that I must choose for myself; afterwards I will do as you please; but I must see him this evening: if not at this house, I must see him somewhere."

Mrs. North looked at her, and dared say no more. She understood that nothing which she might say would be of any avail.

"As you will," she said, with tears;

"and if it must be, it had best be here; only your grandfather must not know. He has grown so nervous, and he must not be agitated; you had better go to him now, Christina, or he will wonder at your absence."

It is thus that custom and the imperative demands of daily life come to supersede to all outward appearance our keenest agonies and bitterest pains: thus it is that we pass the cruellest moments of our lives — moments which we can never live over again, moments which seem to us as years, whilst we are apparently occupied in the discharge of some trivial duty or in the pursuit of some unprofitable pleasure. Christina sat in the subdued light of the sick-room, and read with a steady voice to the old man, who lay dying upon his bed. She read of wars and commerce and the state of the country, in the low, unhurried, monotonous voice which suited him, and the hands of the clock crept slowly on, marking the moments which made her life; and the shadows deepened, and her grandfather slept. She sat motionless, with her dilated eyes fixed upon the clock. She watched the minutes as they passed, she watched the hour drawing nearer; and yet, when at last the clock in the hall told out its five strokes, she started and shivered, and could hardly control herself so as to avoid any sound which might disturb the old man.

The next instant Janet softly opened the door, and signed to her, and then she knew that Walter Cleasby was in the house.

CHAPTER XXV.

SHE was to see him now, and for the last time; that was the one thought which, as she passed out of her grandfather's room, had in Christina's mind overpowered everything else. She had lived long enough with her misery for it to have become an accustomed thing and part of herself. It was not like disappointment or regret; she seemed to have known it all along, and she would not have done other if she might. It was only that he never had understood, and now she knew that he never would understand.

She could not have felt anger; and even her sorrow was for a moment forgotten in her love. The happy days she had left behind her for ever, his words and looks when he had been her lover, the first moment of incredulous dismay, the letter which had brought her the tidings, the gradual bitterness of realization, the burn-

ing tears she had shed, the struggles of her sleepless nights, the despair which had closed her in, and the calm which she had so hardly won—all this, which she had thought to have remembered for ever, so long as she should live, was forgotten now: forgotten in the parting which lay before her.

She did not pause to look back; she gave no thought to what she should do or say; but swiftly and unhesitatingly she passed along the narrow passage. She pushed open the half-shut door, and then she knew nothing but that she was standing once more face to face with Walter Cleasby.

Darkness had gathered outside, and a storm was rising. The candle on the table was flaring in the draught from the window. Christina came forward a few steps, and then she stood quite still. She did not speak, or even try to speak; neither did she give any sign or cry. She let him take her hands in his, but they were passive in his clasp. There could be no ordinary greeting; and as to the rest, it seemed to her that everything was over, and that there remained nothing more to be said or done. She could see him quite distinctly by the light of the candle on the table, and she looked at him with wide-open, tearless eyes; but her mouth did not quiver, nor did her hands tremble in his.

"Christina," he said, "I thought you would say Yes. They have told you. I should have gone down with a much lighter heart if I had thought you had been quite clear of the ship."

He waited for an answer, but she made no attempt to speak; she hardly heard him.

"I have been waiting to come for days," he went on; "but it was better not until I knew there was no escape. Our course has been a rough one; you will do best to forget it. One month, Christina, ought not to cloud your whole life."

Then again he paused, but nothing broke the stillness—a stillness which was becoming intolerable to him. He had known that he would have much to bear, he had known that it would be painful, but he had not known that it would be like this. He had imagined how it would be; he had thought of her in her passionate grief and indignation; but there are depths which no storm can stir, which know neither tears nor lamentations.

He dropped her hands and staggered back against the wall, for a sort of giddiness had come over him.

"Are we to part like this?" he said; "is this to be the end? Am I to carry away this memory, and never see your smile again?"

It was not cruelty or selfishness; it was but the natural longing and the fleeing from the pain; it was rather an entreaty than a reproach, and it was not made in vain. What was it that even at that moment enabled her to thrust her misery aside? Was it the memory of the past? was it the pity, was it the love with which, God help her, she loved him still? Suddenly, as she stood looking at him, the intensity of her gaze wavered, the colour rose in her face, she threw her head a little back with the old proud freedom of action he knew so well, and the smile which he had longed after illuminated her face. The outline was altered; there were the dark lines of watching and sorrow under her eyes, and they themselves had a pathetic look of hopeless longing giving unconscious expression to the unquenchable yearning for what she had lost; but yet misery had not dimmed, even now, the charm of her winning smile, nor changed aught of the sweetness that hovered round her mouth.

How was it, that at that moment he seemed all at once to recognize what he had lost—lost by his own fault? As she stood there, so like to what she had been and yet so changed, with that look of glorified trust more radiant than even in her days of happiness, everything else was for once swallowed up in the thought of his own pain.

"Christina," he said, and the name came like a cry from his lips; "Christina, must we part even now?"

He had not meant to say it. He had thought that he had conquered, and that no such question could ever again pass his lips; yet now the possibility he thought he had put far from him presented itself again irresistibly to his imagination. He had done the thing deliberately; he had imagined that he was doing it for her sake; and yet now, when he stood face to face with her, a misgiving flashed across him whether he were doing it for her or for himself. He had not feared to look into his motives; he had thought that he was acting upon a right principle; he had looked at the future and counted the cost. Yes, it was for her sake. But was it for her sake alone? Some power external to himself, whose promptings he could hardly comprehend, called upon him at this moment to thrust his principles aside, and he cried out in obedience

to the commands of a divine instinct, and asked if there was no retreat open to him.

It was but a moment; the smile had faded quickly away, but the effort Christina had made had done something to lighten the iron weight which was pressing upon her heart, and silent tears rising from the very depths of her desolation rolled slowly down her pale cheeks. She could not now go back; his words, born, as she knew but of the impulse of the moment, could not undo what had been done. Had she not already had enough to bear? Why should this also be laid upon her? why should he, as it were, put the sword into her own hand to strike the fatal blow? And this when she would have given her life that she might still be his, and encountered gladly everything that the future might bring, to be able to say, "Take me with you;" and yet she could not do it.

"You have said it." This was the first time she had spoken, and he started and trembled at the sound of her voice.

He had said it—was it that alone which made an escape impossible? had he indeed closed the gates against himself? It seemed all at once as if the cherubim with the flaming sword, who barred his backward path, was but an image of himself; and if so, was there not even now a possible salvation? Was it not open to him now to say, "Christina, forgive me; I cannot live without you?" He had almost said it, he had almost thrown himself at her feet; but by one supreme effort he grasped again his hardly-won resolution. It was a momentous crisis in both their lives; not because their love was slipping from them, not because a girl's heart was breaking, but because he was, for the last time, shutting his heart against the love and the life he might have won—and was with them casting his salvation behind him. The command which must one day come to us all had come to him: "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve;" and he had chosen, not God, but Mammon. As he turned again to speak, his good angel drew far from him.

"You are right," he said; it is best for you: perhaps it is best for us both. You will try, Christina, say that you will try to forget."

"It will not hurt me to remember," she said: but nothing was so sad as the sweet ringing voice which would yet be gay if it might.

He walked away from her to the window. The wind was blowing in the creep-

ers, and their long tendrils swept against the panes. There were wavering shadows on the grass, and a pale moon showed herself among the driving clouds. Christina had sunk down on a low couch by the fire, and bowed her head in her hands. There was a long silence. He had meant to spare her all the pain that he might; he had meant to comfort her, but the sense of his powerlessness oppressed him so, that it was some minutes before he could speak again.

"It seems impossible to us now," he said at last, and he came and sat down by her; "but you know, Christina, people say that time heals all sorrows, and even you, my queen," and his love stirred within him at the old fond word, "even you may find that it is true."

She looked up, but as she would have spoken the words died upon her lips. He forgot, in their present nearness, the barrier which he was raising up between them; he forgot that they were henceforth to be strangers; for the moment he forgot all except her misery and his own.

"Christina, speak to me," he said. "We cannot part like this. Tell me my love has been a curse, but speak to me." She turned her pale face towards him, and her sad, wondering eyes met his.

"Walter," she said, softly, holding out her hands. She said only the one word; but after that he could not doubt that he was forgiven.

"Oh, Christina," he said, "is there nothing I can say or do? It would be easier for you if you could think it was not I, but our unlucky fate. Is there nothing I can say?"

"Not now, Walter," she said, but very gently.

He was right; if she could have only thought that it was not his doing, all the rest would have been as nothing; but she could not see the necessity which had shown itself so clearly to his eyes; she only knew that she could not make him understand. He rose again as she spoke, and turned from her; and as he turned she thought that her words were driving him away, and at the thought that the parting was coming so quickly upon her she started up too, and reached her hands after him, with a low cry, which could not be repressed. It was the first sign which she had given, and the appeal was not in vain. It restored his nerve, and forced him to summon up self-control.

"You will let Gusty come and see you sometimes," he said gently. "It has been hard for her too. Christina, my-loved one,

I have brought nothing but misery upon you; do not let me hear that it cannot be undone. Think that I am dead. It will be the same, only that I am leaving paradise behind instead of entering upon it."

"Where, Walter?" she said, with a trembling longing to know where he was going.

"To London, now, for Gusty's marriage; and then to America."

"To-night?" she said; and a faintness came over her as she uttered the word. He saw that she could not bear much more; that she was physically incapable of the continued strain; that it would be best if the end should come and yet that she should not know it.

"No, not to-night," he said; "to-morrow evening I shall see you again." But he could not deceive her by such a pretence as this; as they stood together in the silent room, with the storm raging outside, and the candle-light full upon his pale face, she could not but read the truth in his eyes. Silently she put her hands in his, and solemnly, in the stillness, they kissed each other for the last time.

She stood motionless as he turned away, as the sound of his receding footsteps echoed on the stones, as the door was shut behind him; and then, though the wind was roaring in the chimney, she heard him tramp across the garden and swing the gate behind him. Trembling, she sank down on a seat and shivered from head to foot.

Janet, coming in an hour later, found her still there, a crouched-up figure beside the dying embers in the grate. Christina looked up, roused at her entrance, and clutching at the table to help herself, rose slowly to her feet.

"My head aches, Janet," she said; "say that I am gone to bed." But when she tried to cross the floor she staggered, and would have fallen if Janet had not thrown her arm round her.

"Why, Miss Christina," said the woman, "you ain't fit to walk upstairs. You rest here a bit till I fetch you a drop of wine and get your bed warmed; you're perished away with the cold," and she put Christina back into her chair, and, kneeling down before her, began to rub her cold hands in hers.

"Don't call anyone," said Christina; and then she lay back, unable to say more, her soft masses of brown hair falling about her, shadowing the deathly paleness of her face. Janet understood as well as if she had been told what had happened; she called Captain Cleasby hard names in her

own mind as she busied herself about Christina; but she had her own views about the proper means to be employed for her restoration, and she had no desire so call in Mrs. North, to make a work "and worrit the life that was left out of her," as she said to herself. She had known Christina since she was a little girl, and in her stern way she was fond of her; but she neither liked nor respected Mrs. North. She lighted a fire in the bedroom, she warmed the bed, and then, when Christina had swallowed the wine she brought her, she put her strong arm round her and almost carried her upstairs.

"There, my dear," she said, when she had, as she expressed it, made her all comfortable, and had shaded the candle which stood on the little table at the foot of the bed so that it should not dazzle her eyes — "there, Miss Christina, if you was to sleep a bit I should say it would be the best thing for you, and I won't say nothing more to Mrs. North than that you've got a headache and want to be quiet. I'll bring you some arrowroot or something by and by."

Christina was lying motionless upon the white pillows with her eyes shut, but she opened them when Janet spoke to her.

"Thank you, dear Janet," she said, with a strange little smile which brought tears into Janet's eyes.

She went away, leaving Christina, as she hoped, to sleep. Nor had her efforts been made in vain. The strain upon Christina's mental and physical powers could not continue unabated; she must lose consciousness before she could again face the suffering. For some time she lay with her large dark eyes fixed upon the opposite wall, but at length they closed softly, and she slept.

CHAPTER XXVI.

WHEN Christina awoke, it was early morning. The storm was still raging outside, but the rain had ceased. Gradually, as she lay alone in the darkness, the events of the day before came back to her mind, and she recoiled from them, and pressed her face upon the pillow, suppressing a moaning cry which the recollection awakened. Was it all over? No, not yet; for a yearning had seized upon her so forcibly that she was powerless against it. She must see him once more, if only she could gather sufficient physical strength for the effort. She raised herself in the bed, and felt with a thrill of excitement that she was strengthened by the past hours of sleep. She would lie still, and then later she would be able to

do it. She lay motionless whilst the slow hours passed, and gradually the grey light of morning crept into the room, and then there was a stir in the house, and Janet came to light her fire and bring her breakfast. Her grandfather had passed a restless night, she told her, and Mrs. North had been sitting up with him, and now she had gone to rest. Christina drank the cup of coffee which Janet brought her, and tried to eat, but could not. Inaction was becoming intolerable. The stillness of the house oppressed her. She said she was much better, almost well, and dressed herself in spite of Janet's remonstrances. She walked to the window and looked out on the dreary November landscape, gathering her resolution and shaping her purpose. Her grandfather was dozing, and her mother still in her own room: there was nothing to hinder the accomplishment of her desire.

It was still early when she went down into the kitchen. The fire had been lighted, and the wood was blazing and crackling, but everything else was chill and comfortless, and a cold autumnal mist was hanging over the world outside. Christina shut the door behind her and walked across the room.

"Janet," she said, hoarsely, laying hold of the woman's shoulder as if to steady herself, "hush, speak gently, I don't want to disturb anyone. Janet, you will do something for me. Go up to the Park and tell me—what time—it will be? You understand," she said; but in truth the woman was frightened and bewildered, and made no answer—"what time Captain Cleasby will leave?" said Christina, forcing herself to speak plainly; and Janet, alarmed at her looks and manner, could give no denial.

Of course she could do it, only some instinct made her keep her errand a secret from Mrs. North.

When she came back, Christina was waiting for her at the gate. There was something so desolate in her attitude as she stood there in the cold wind, which whirled the dead leaves about her feet, that Janet would have given some expression to her fears and compassion but for the almost cold determination on her face.

"By the half-past four o'clock express from East-down station, Miss Christina," she said.

Christina went back into the house without further questionings. She went back into the house and shut herself up in her room, and sat there without moving,

with her watch in her hand, waiting with feverish impatience for the moments to pass, yet feeling that each was putting further from her that which had constituted her life. The time when she could look upon his home and feel that he was there was slipping from her; he was even now so near that a word from her might bring him to her in a few minutes, and yet so far that no such word would ever reach him again. Her past and future were forgotten in one absorbing desire. If only she could see him once more; not face to face, not to ask any question or answer any appeal, not for any word or look that might be directed to herself. All that was past: there was nothing more to be said—they had parted, and parted for ever. But yet she yearned to look upon him once more, if only for one moment; she longed for it as she might have longed to see him after death; and if he had been dead, could he have been more completely separated from her than now? She told herself again and again that he would have been nearer to her then. Then it would have been so inevitable, and he would have had nothing to do with it; but now it had been his will that they should part. He had done it gently, she knew that he had done it with pain and grief; but yet he had done it; and did not wish it undone. "If he had died," she said to herself again and again, "he would still have been my own." And yet she had not wished that it might have been so. She wished that he might still be prosperous and happy, and she knew that life was dear to him. He was suffering now, but he would not suffer always; and for herself, she thought that she could bear it, if only she could look upon him once more. In the bewilderment of her grief and pain, when the spirit of acquiescence had found no place, when as yet she could not grasp the whole extent of her misfortune, her mind settled upon this one point as the only thing that yet remained to be desired—the only object which could be of any moment; the thing in the whole world which mattered anything to her. She could not have borne that he should speak to her: she could not have spoken to him again except under compulsion. But she did desire to see him once more, and the desire had superseded everything else, so that it seemed as if she lived for it alone.

When she saw that it was one o'clock she went downstairs, knowing that it was the dinner hour. She smiled a little when they asked her how she was, and rallied her on her unusual punctuality. She did

not notice her mother's agitation, nor the nervous flush upon her face; she did not perceive that even Mrs. Oswestry's composed manner was different from usual. She was striving in the strength of desperation to appear as if all was as usual with her, but it never occurred to her that they might be pre-occupied with something of so engrossing an interest that it had for the time thrown her into the background, even at this crisis of her life.

"I think that I shall go out this afternoon," she said; "it is so long since I have been out of the house."

"Yes, you had much better go out," said Mrs. North, eagerly; "certainly it will do you good; you have been shut up too long: it is that which makes you so pale."

"It is a miserable day," said Mrs. Oswestry, doubtfully, looking towards the window.

"Christina never minds that," said her mother, quickly: and when Christina had left the room she added fretfully, "I wish, Margaret, that you would not make objections. She had much better be out of the house. Every additional person makes an additional fuss, and if there is to be a scene, we shall manage it much better without Christina."

Mrs. Oswestry made no answer, but she sat thoughtful, thinking for the moment not so much of the interview which was coming between her father and the sister who had so long been divided from him and from them all, but rather of the girl for the first time going out to face again the desolate world.

It was only four o'clock when Christina turned out of the gate of the White House and took her way across the heath; but the grey masses of low-hanging clouds had already obscured the wintry daylight, and a mist was rising from the ground. She knew the narrow footpath which led across the heath; she could see already the lights of the station twinkling in the distance, and she walked with the unnatural rapidity of excitement, hurting her feet against the stones, stumbling over the obstacles in her way, yet taking no heed of anything but of the lights in the distance which led her on. She had formed no distinct plan, but she thought that she would see him and yet that he should not see her. She understood why he had chosen to start from the little station at East-down; he was not known there as he was known at Overton. This circumstance was favourable also to her purpose: in the darkness no one there would recognize her.

The train was not due for ten minutes

or more when at last she reached the white palings which enclosed the line; she turned in and sank down wearily on a bench upon the platform.

"Any luggage, if you please, Miss? Where are you for?"

Christina shook her head, and after an instant gathered her breath to speak.

"I came — to rest," she said; "I am not going anywhere."

The man gazed at her, surprised, and then suddenly a compassionate look awoke upon his hard, weather-beaten face. Christina got up hastily, stung by the surprise and unable to bear the compassion. She pushed open the door of the tiny waiting-room and went in. The porter followed her, but put no further questions. He was a kindly man, and he had perceived that she shunned observation. He put coals upon the fire and stirred it into a blaze. He was not without experience, and had determined in his own mind that she was not only weary but in trouble. Christina sat down upon the chair he had put for her, but she did not think of drawing it near to the fire, or of making any attempt to warm herself, though her lips were white and her hands cold and trembling. After a few minutes had passed, she stood up, and, leaning against the wall for support, placed herself so that, standing in the shadow of the room, she commanded a view of the platform. Then she waited. Presently she heard the sound of wheels; luggage was brought on to the platform; an old woman with a basket was waiting for the train, holding a little boy by the hand. She could hear her talking to him through the badly closed window. Another minute and other wheels grated upon the gravel; the horse was suddenly pulled up, and her heart stood still as Walter Cleasby came on to the platform.

He walked along it smoking a cigar, with his hands thrust into his pockets. By the gaslight outside she saw him clearly. He was pale and worn, but his look told rather of past than of present suffering. She felt instinctively that for him the worst was over; he was entering upon a new life — a life which he had in some sort chosen for himself; the pain which with her had but begun, he would, when he left Overton, make a not altogether unsuccessful effort to put behind him. He turned into the station and she heard him ask for his ticket, and shrank closer into her corner and trembled with an unreasonable fear lest he should enter the room and discover her presence. Then he walked out again and entered into conversation with the porter.

It was but a natural, trivial incident, yet his friendly unconcerned tone cut her to the heart. It was horrible to see him so near and so unspeakably distant; yet she would have held the moments if she might, and felt a sickening dread of the instant when he should pass for ever from her sight. The red lights showed themselves in the distance, slow and steady and irresistible in their approach; the rush of the engine grew nearer and nearer. Walter threw away his cigar and turned for a moment, looking back at the station, so that, although he did not know it, he was face to face with Christina. Was it instinct? was it that curious sensation of being watched which brought a shadow across his face, or was it the memory of pain and the pang of regret? Her sad, longing eyes looking out of the darkness, rested for the last time upon his fair, distinguished face. She saw the slight contraction on his forehead and the flash of pain across his sensitive mouth. Her straining eyes followed him until the door was shut, and even then she remained gazing out into the night after the long line of carriages had passed into the distance, and the sound of the swift-rushing wheels had died away.

For the time she was lost to all consciousness of her surroundings. She had fallen back into her chair and sat with eyes looking vacantly before her, her hands hanging down by her side and her hair pushed back from her face.

Her friend the porter came and looked at her, and went away shaking his head, to take counsel with the ticket collector. "I'm afeard the poor young lady may be out of her mind," he said, in his perplexity; and then again it may be only a long journeying and distress of mind." The other man could offer no solution of enigma, but his experience was more, available, inasmuch as he had been married for ten years to a nervous and hysterical wife. "A glass of water is allays of use to 'em," he suggested; "they can drink it or put on their heads; it's what my missis is allays the better for—if I was you, Jim, I'd take her a glass." Fortified with this practical advice, "Jim" again went into the little dingy waiting-room and put a glass of water down upon the table before the pale mute face of its inhabitant, muttering some apologies for his intrusion. Christina gave a slight shiver and mechanically put out her hand to take it. But as she would have raised it to her lips it slipped from between her fingers, the glass crashed against the

table, broke into fragments, and the water was poured down on the floor.

The shock, trivial although it was, had been too great for her overstrained nerves, the shattered glass set loose the tears which had not flowed for the pains which had wrung her heart, and suddenly she burst into violent hysterical sobs.

"Now don't ye take on so, don't ye, Miss," said Jim, as he went down on his knees to pick up the pieces; "lie down by the fire now and rest a bit, and I'll get my missis to bring you a cup o' tea as ull be better nor that cold water."

Christina had still strength enough left to exercise some self-control; she lay upon the miserable little hard sofa and stifled the sobs which might have in some sort comforted her if only she could have given way to them, while the kind-hearted porter made his way to the little cottage on the other side of the road and brought his wife and the cup of tea which she had been keeping hot for him. Christina had in some sort recovered herself; the sobs which had alarmed him had given place to a strange composure, which he rejoiced at in his ignorance, and by the time Christina had swallowed to her cup of tea she was able to stand and declare that she was quite equal to the walk across the heath.

"I have been very troublesome," she said with a smile; "how good you have been to me, you kind people! I shall come and see you another day and thank you better. No; I would rather go alone. I know my way quite well."

"However we could let her go alone, Jim, is what I can't understand," said the porter's wife to her husband afterwards; "my mind misgives me that it weren't what we ought to ha' done; but there, she seemed strong enough when once she was on her feet."

It was true that Christina had turned out of the little station walking firmly with her face against the wind. She had felt the necessity of avoiding companionship. Now that the first excitement was past she began to dread recognition, feeling vaguely that she had perhaps been wrong in what she had done, desiring at least that it should not be known. The effort she had made for self-control had for the moment braced her nerves and given her strength; but after the first two hundred yards her steps began to flag. The darkness had deepened, the mist had turned to driving rain. The great level heath was spread all round her. She wandered from the path, entangling her feet in

the heather, and often stopping from utter weariness to gather breath to proceed. It was only a mile from East-down to the White House, yet it was more than an hour from the time she had left the station before she came out upon the road, and, dead to all consciousness except that of physical pain and weariness, dragged herself up the steps which led to the garden. She passed slowly along the pebbled walk and saw the firelight shining from the windows. At least she was at home again. It was not that she wanted help or sympathy; she could not have understood it if it had been offered to her; she hardly knew what it was that she had suffered; her mental powers were benumbed, and with them her capacity for mental suffering; but she felt that she was cold and wet and trembling, and had a half-conscious longing for shelter and light and warmth. She opened the hall door for herself; she saw the firelight glowing in the kitchen, and went towards it, utterly insensible to all but her physical needs. The kitchen was empty. Christina, creeping towards the warmth like a wounded thing, sat down on the floor before the fire leaning her head back against the cushioned arm-chair which stood beside it. And the crickets chirruped on the hearth in their unconsciousness, and the kettle was singing, as the fire blazed fitfully and the shadows danced upon the wall.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
FRENCH DRESS.

THERE was a time when men used to dress; when high hats, black coats and trousers, were not invented; when velvet, lace and satin, feathers, curls and ruffles, were masculine adornments; when women had no monopoly of the more delicate materials of costume; when colour, shape, and substance were at the equal disposition of both sexes. The Revolution of 1789, its consequences throughout Europe, the levelling tendencies which resulted from it, brought about equality in men's clothes, and gradually led us to the hideousness of covering which now distinguishes male humanity, and to the apathy which induces us to support it without revolt. The slavery of habit, the tyranny of our neighbours, the terror of opinion, have thus far kept us where we are, and have rendered change impossible; but, for our children's sake, it is indeed to be fond-

ly hoped that a resolute reformer will soon appear, and will deliver us from our bondage. Our period is great in trade, in newspapers, in preserved meat, in war, but it strangles individuality, it chokes all aspirations which lie outside the adopted groove; it has no sympathy with social innovators. We live in such constant need of each other's aid, that we dare not offend each other's prejudices; so that even those amongst us who most keenly feel that a radical change in the dress of men is absolutely necessary, and that its originator would be a benefactor to the universe, do not venture to offer an example. Yet surely we all must feel that the nineteenth century is an epoch of appalling frightfulness; that the gentlemen who now have their portraits proudly painted in tail-coats and white cravats will be objects of contumely to their grandsons; and that their successors will be utterly unable to comprehend that a generation which was so inventive in politics, in science, and in the details of material progress—which was seemingly so full of liberty of thought—should have had no liberty of action, and should have silently supported the outrageous despotism of ugliness.

We shrink from change because we pretend that it would indicate vanity and affectation, and that the frank adoption of external ornament would be unworthy of the manly natures of our time. But we overlook two facts: the first, that, with all our fancied manliness, we Europeans of to-day do pay singular attention to our vestments, abominable as they are; the second, that when men did dress well, they were quite as much men as we are, and perhaps a little more so. The *Mousquetaires of Louis Treize* wore the most perfect clothes which the world has ever seen; Condé, Raleigh, Henri Quatre, the Cavaliers, were models of costume; but it would be difficult to pretend that they were not gallant soldiers and real men. There is no necessary connexion between effeminacy and graceful dress, there is no inherent unworthiness in the pursuit of outward charm; and though so many of us proclaim that the adornment of men's bodies is an object beneath our care, there is no argument to be found in history or in morals in favour of that pretension. Still, however false the theory, there it is. It holds us and it binds us; its first result is to make men odious to contemplate; its second consequence is to limit the application of the word "dress." In considering the influence and the rôle of dress in France, we can speak of women only;

men are outside the question for the present.

But though we are thus obliged to eliminate half a people from our field of observation, there still remains enough — too much, indeed — to talk about. Women's dress has become of late years one of the great questions of our time; it ranks with poor-laws, emigration, separation between Church and State, and universal suffrage. It has not yet assumed, as those subjects have, the character of a national or political problem; the attention of Governments has not yet been avowedly directed to it; but its effects have been enormous, its influence has been all-pervading, its importance is really graver than that of many measures which Parliaments discuss. The absolute exclusion of the male half of a community from direct participation in outside ornament has led the men to gratify their pent-up vanity, their unsatisfied ideas of taste, by excessive adornment of their women. Vanity must come out somehow; taste — be it good or bad — must have its say; so, as men are limited to the eminently insufficient satisfactions which the modern tailors offer them — to the choice between two buttons or one button on their sleeves, to trousers rather loose or very loose — they burst out in their wives and daughters, and seek in them what they are forbidden to enjoy in their own proper persons. The women have no objection to this system — on the contrary, their monopoly is peculiarly agreeable to them; but it would be unjust to attribute to them the whole blame of the excesses which actual Europe, from France downwards, offers to our eye. Men have asked for these excesses, have stimulated them, have admired them; for the theory that women dress for women, and men for men, is an illusion: women dress to please, and to please men more than women. They have used their opportunity with audacious recklessness, but the opportunity was created for them. They did not invent it all alone; men have helped them eagerly, and cannot escape the responsibility of their acts. They may, however, reasonably invoke extenuating circumstances; they may point to their own miserable condition, and ask if their eyes are to receive no satisfaction anywhere; they may say that they are poor weak creatures, full of frailties, and that they find enjoyment in the contemplation of smart clothes on women, because they cannot admire them on themselves. They do deserve some excuse, in the origin of their action at all events.

Their longing for a pleasanter sight than they present themselves was natural and even praiseworthy; but when once they had pushed women on the road, they lost all control over them, women got away and culminated in the mad elegance, the wild extravagance which distinguished the Second Empire, and which, in some degree at all events, contributed to bring about the rottenness of France.

We should not, however, forget that the dressing of Frenchwomen has a good many aspects. We see the more riotous elements which compose it, because, by their very nature, by the publicity which they seek, they are visible to all spectators; and because the harm which they have done is the talk of Europe. But there are other sides to this great subject: it is not all vanity, frivolity, and expense; it contains intelligence, and tact, and economy, and sense, and art, in their most curious developments; it is a mixture of good and bad, of foolishness and wisdom, in all their varying shades. But its action, whatever be its form and consequences, is omnipresent; no Frenchwoman escapes from it. Dress, in some way, is her main preoccupation, and that is why the matter has grown so big; why it has risen to the front rank amongst the questions of the moment. This sort of language may look like exaggeration, yet it is rigorously exact, and it is applicable more or less to other countries besides France. The desire to be admired, to produce personal effect through the covering of their bodies, is a general disposition amongst women of European origin. In England it has attacked the lower classes with singular ferocity and with the most deplorable results; in France and elsewhere its manifestations have occurred mainly in the higher strata of society. The feeling which prompts it is, however, identical in all cases — the satisfaction of individual vanity and the longing to tempt men; but the practical working out of the idea in France has a character of its own which we discover nowhere else.

The Frenchwoman has a sentiment of shape and colour, of varieties and fitnesses, which is proper to herself, and which women of other races do not attain, unless by rare exception. She has an instinct of singular precision in everything which relates to dress; her faculty of comparison is marvellously rapid; her innate sense of the laws of harmony in outward things attains the nature of a science. And the word science is employed here in its purest meaning, as significative of knowledge

which has been controlled and systematized by the application of method. It is not a haphazard feeling; it is a resolute conviction. It is not an accident of momentary experience; it is an infused faith, matured and verified by patient study, thought, and observation. Readiness of decision, facility of execution, are the first consequences of this state of mind; there is no hesitation about choice, no uncertainty in selection; the thought is so well prepared beforehand that the most subtle difficulties, the most apparently impossible solutions, are disposed of with unerring certainty. And these solutions are aided by a handiness of fingering, a dexterity of touch, which also are peculiar to the race, and which render possible the incarnation of fantastic fancies which heavier manipulators could never realize. Starting with weapons such as these, served by both head and hand, the Frenchwoman has reached a type of dress which others may strive to imitate but which they do not attain. It is not enough to copy; possession of the self-same objects does not suffice; they must be put on, they must be worn, as their inventors wear them. Here, again, comes in a local virtue which cannot be transplanted: the art of carrying dress is almost purely French; not one Englishwoman in a hundred thousand can disguise her nationality behind foreign clothes; the indefinable peculiarities which early teaching gives are beyond her reach. She may struggle, but she fails; and although she may be quite convinced that she looks the part she wants to play, the least practised eye detects the sham.

But the mere fact of her would-be-imitation involves a conscious recognition of the superiority of the type imitated; we only copy what we really like and what we are desirous to resemble. There are English-women who pretend to repel with scorn the notion that they wish their dress to be mistaken for that of the French-women; but if their assumed denial were real and honest, they would not expose themselves to the necessity of making it; they would say that Englishwomen are themselves, not other people; they would create a model for their own use, peculiar to their land, and though they would gain nothing by the process—for nationally they have no idea of dress—they would at all events escape the charge of counterfeiting. It would be no joy to men if they were to do so; the eye would receive no contentment; our women would be even more abominably got up than they are at present; but we should have the

virtuous satisfaction of independence, whatever that might be. Another, and a far more practical solution would be to candidly avow that though we long to dress our wives well, we have not the faintest conception how to set about it, and that, consequently, we openly and frankly follow the most perfect type we can discover, acknowledging our incapacity of both production and imitation, but doing our little best to atone for our self-recognised inferiority, by the humble avowal of its existence, and by the frank acceptance of a pattern. That pattern exists in France, not amongst the rapid people who have made for themselves so unenviable a reputation, but in another and a larger category of true women, who regard their toilette as a legitimate source of charm, as a natural indication of their individual sentiment of art. Those are the women who are good to look at and to follow; for though they do love *chiffons*—though they do devote to their discussion a considerable portion of their time and thoughts—though they, too, like the rest, lift up dress to the altitude of a great question,—they do it well and wisely, in a form and with a result that others may be proud to emulate. It is only by dividing the subject into two distinct parts, that the truth can be arrived at; fast dressing makes up one side of it, good dressing makes up the other: in their moral consequences, as well as in their material respects, the two are entirely different.

Not very long ago nearly all French women were *distinguées*; the social influences of the Restoration, and of Louis Philippe's reign, were mainly pure and honest, and they showed out in woman's dress with singular completeness. There was something in the air then which led the French to put grace and charm above all other attributes. On the one hand there was no rowdiness; on the other, there was nothing of what we understand by aristocracy; indeed, that peculiar aspect seems to belong exclusively to what are called the fair-haired races, particularly to the English, the Austrians, and the Swedes; but there was something quite as good, there was distinction. The women knew it, and they cherished their rare merit with infinite care and fondness. To look *comme il faut* was their one dream; and though the exact form of realization of the phrase varied naturally from year to year with the fluctuations of passing fashion, the object and the result remained the same. And both were reached with-

out expense; simplicity was the rule, and simplicity means economy. That was the time when nearly everybody wore merinos in the winter, and plain muslin in the summer; where the only extravagance which women perpetrated was in their *chaussure*, their linen, and their gloves; and, delicate as was the dressing of the hands and feet, it did not cost much money then. The revival of Imperial Government brought in abundant money, easy pleasures, and all the excitements and needs of stimulants which are proper to periods of moral decadence. Distinction ceased to satisfy the ambitions of a society which wanted glare, which had grown beyond the calm of moderate and purely feminine contentments, which claimed to show its wealth and its bad taste in action, no matter how. So a new type arose; the woman of the Second Empire replaced the quiet elegant Parisienne who was identified with the Monarchy of July; in came *toilettes tapageuses*, and high-heeled boots, and nakedness, and riotous expenditure. Art-lovers and wise men stood by and mourned.

Not that Frenchwomen's love of dress sprang up in 1852—it was an old, long-cherished worship, deep and faithful; it simply changed its gods with the new master. Its intensity did not grow, for it was already so profound and real that it could not gather farther strength, but it modified its ends and ways; and from a winning perfectness made up of true female graces and of intelligent applications of the most ordinary means, it swelled into "*Benoitism*." That one word marks the period; it signifies the abandonment of simplicity and of tranquil gentleness, the pursuit of loud effects, in which eccentricities of form and colour were the sole elements; it implies an interior state in harmony with outside manifestations of such a nature. The change was not, however, universal; it was met by indignant protests, by heart-rending lamentations, by bitter criticisms, by satire, mockery, and organized opposition. And yet it rolled along, augmenting from year to year, gaining always fresh adherents, but never conquering a majority. It shocked too many old convictions, and it cost too much to become a nationally accepted movement; it was but an accident of the epoch, born of evanescent causes, and destined to fade away with them. It was limited to certain classes and to certain places, it never stained out on to the entire population; but even in its relatively restricted sphere of action, it did prodigious

harm, and exercised a corrupting influence which has never been exactly measured.

A certain set of women, who, though not numerous, occupied positions so conspicuous and so influential that everything they did was seen and much of it was copied, organized their diversions, their manners, and their dress in a way which, till their time, had never been practised either in or out of France. The peculiar circumstances of the moment rendered their proceedings possible, and not only disposed but materially enabled a good many other women of lower social rank, to imitate them. The outlay which their extravagance entailed was good for trade; a special category of manufacturers sprang up to minister to their needs, and to earn large profits by their folly. So far their doings had a use, for it would be absurd to complain that rich people spend their money and so contribute to general prosperity. If Mr. Worth, for instance, has made a fortune out of the wants which he supplied, he deserves the credit of having intelligently understood his time, and of having been the first to satisfy a new demand. He has no responsibility in the matter; he happened to possess certain natural gifts of a peculiar kind; he was able to invent dresses with a fertility, a variety, an audacity, and a skill which no one else possessed in the same degree; so the women who wanted dresses came to him. Finding that the current had set his way, he asked prices which represented two separate sorts of goods, material and invention; his rivals could only execute, he was able to create; he naturally claimed to be paid for both, and the world he served accepted his conditions. It is correct to say "the world," for two-thirds of all Worth's productions have been absorbed by foreigners. The Americans especially have been his largest customers. It is necessary to state this, so that the blame of giving £50 for a plain costume or £200 for a ball-dress may not be attributed to Frenchwomen alone. The truth is, as may easily be ascertained by a little inquiry in the right places, that the great providers of the various details of toilet who cluster round the Rue de la Paix—the makers not only of inconceivable gowns, but of fairy bonnets, adorable jewels, dreamy *chaussures*, and the other thousand delicacies which contribute to make up the modern woman—all work more for the United States and Russia than for France. There are ladies at St. Petersburg who spend £120 a-year in

shoes alone — whose annual cost of gloves and stockings would keep six families of weavers — who think it quite natural to pay the journey of their favourite author from the Boulevard to the Newsky Prospect, in order that he may exactly take their measure for a corset. In abusing Frenchwomen for their extravagance — as we all do so willingly — let us be honest enough to remember that not one of them attains the height of folly which is reached by certain ladies whose names it is not necessary to mention, but who are well known on the borders of the Neva and the Hudson, and of whose bills in Paris curious stories might be told, if discretion did not bar the way.

The sin of France lies in the fact that she sets the example: her imitators — some of them at least — go beyond the pattern which she offers; but the original fault is hers. The fault is, however, rather ancient: it was not a product of the Second Empire. Europe has appropriated French fashions for so many centuries that it is difficult to determine when she began to do so. Furthermore, France is so prodigiously indifferent on the subject, her women care so little whether other women copy them or not, that they cannot be accused of any wilful desire to lead astray the nations round them. Frenchwomen dress for France alone; if others follow them, that is their own affair; it scarcely constitutes in itself a ground for blame against the original models. But still, if extravagance and bad taste are applied amongst the French, the harm they do is all the more extensive because of the vast field of action which they influence, and that is why their indirect responsibility is great and real. Of course they repudiate it with indignation; of course they say that as they impose their will on no one, as all women of the earth are free to cover themselves as they like, it is most unfair to impute to them the noisy dressing which has grown up in so many countries during the last twenty years. The objection is specious, but insufficient; whether they like it or not, monarchs must accept the consequences of their position. France is the acknowledged Queen of dress, and as such, she cannot escape from the duties and the charges which surround all crowns. That her outlying subjects are willing slaves is true — that she claims no authority over them is perfectly exact; but these facts do not efface the moral responsibility which attaches to all those who stand in high places, and have thereby become accepted models. So long

as Frenchwomen were what they used to be thirty years ago, they did their duty to themselves and to humanity — they offered an example of perfect dress, and so bore usefully the burden of their royalty; but when they began to fling aside the wise precepts of their mothers, when they introduced mere money into the composition of their effect, when grace and charm were regarded as inferior ends, when their one object was to dazzle and bewilder, then they at once ceased to deserve the place which they had so long held; they became a danger, and ought to have been dethroned. But they held their sceptre by divine right; their vassals never thought of getting up a revolution to turn them out; the slaves continued to obey — they followed on with unfatigued servility, as the populace of Rome bowed down before the Cæsars.

It is, however, in its French results, rather than in its outside bearings, that the movement of women's clothes since 1852 interests us here. It is its influence on France that we have to consider. It may at once be said that that influence was infinitely less extensive and less serious than has generally been supposed. The outbreak of exaggeration was so violent in certain classes of society, that, by its mere glitter, it seemed to be vastly more important and more widespread than it was in fact. Its vivid glare gave it a character of universality which it never really possessed; its appearance of omnipresence was deceptive, and was brought about solely by the excessive publicity of the goings-on of its promoters. If the women who resolutely adopted fast dressing could have been counted, it is probable that not fifty thousand of them would have been found in the whole of France. But they made noise enough for five millions, and so misled the lookers-on, who fancied that such a *tapage* could not possibly be the work of a small set of people, and who therefore, not unnaturally, perhaps, ascribed its production to the entire nation. The truth is, as has been already said, that the example was first given by a few ladies who liked strong amusements, and whose rank and social power enabled them to externally defy opinion and to rely on being obsequiously imitated by the group immediately around them. But the real women of France resisted the attempt at its outset; they saw no gain to taste or charm in the ways which the Second Empire inaugurated; they persistently opposed them; and when, ten years afterwards, the evil had reached its climax, they who had in

no way contributed to it shook their heads and sadly said, "A curious book will some day be written on the harm which Madame A. and her belongings have done to France." They expressed this opinion with conviction, for they thought the ill laid deep: they, like all the rest of the spectators, believed that the contagion had laid hold of the majority, and that its consequences would be durable. This, however, was an illusion; the rapid dresses and rowdy ways, which seemed to have become a system, have disappeared with the state of things which caused them; their life was ephemeral; they did much damage while they lasted, but their time is over: Frenchwomen are becoming themselves once more.

And yet the movement was accompanied by features which gave it an appearance of vitality and force, and contributed to deceive even the most experienced judges of social follies. It had a literature of its own; it had Feydeau's novels, Sardou's plays, and that peculiar newspaper the "*Vie Parisienne*." It was backed up by money, by Court favour, by the most exciting forms of pleasure, by a good deal of sharp writing, by the personal action of men and women of position. It succeeded in thoroughly depraving public taste within the limit of its action. The toilet of the actresses of the Gymnase, the Variétés, and the Vaudeville were accepted topics of conversation; Jules Janin — the critic, the judge, the thinker — wrote *feuilletons* upon them in the grave "*Débats*," and did not seem to recognize that he thereby degraded his pen and his reputation. The fancy balls at the Affaires Etrangères and the Ministry of Marine were such big events that they absorbed attention a month before and afterwards; and stories were eagerly told and listened to about duchesses and princesses who took tea with Mr. Worth at five o'clock to discuss the last details of the composition of their costumes, and who drove back to him at 10 P. M. on their road to the entertainment, in order to submit their adornments to one final touch from his skillful hand. As skirts grew longer, bodies grew shorter; and the first half of Levassor's description of a ballet-girl's dress, "*Une robe qui ne commence qu'à peine et qui finit tout-de-suite*," became exactly applicable to the upper part of what was called an evening toilet. Some people, indeed, were inclined to think that it was an exaggeration to pretend that it "scarcely began," and that it would be far more exact to assert that it did not begin at all.

It was a curious period. The pursuit of material satisfactions, of the glorification of vanity, was the main object of the women who dressed and of the men who hung about them. Every lady spent all she had, and a good many got copiously into debt; faces were laboriously and pictorially prepared for the day's work; the stinginesses of nature were more than ever compensated by various devices adapted to various parts of the body — before, behind, above, below; somebody else's hair, added to wadding and heels, composed a charming creature. The clothes which were put over these under preparations were violent in form and colour; all the ordinary theories and rules of art were wilfully disregarded; velvet was worn in the summer — green, yellow, and red were resolutely mixed. Luxury reached so furious a development that even M. Dupin — who, after serving thirteen governments with unvarying fidelity, might have been supposed to be able to stand a good deal — burst out in the Senate with a moral speech against the women of his time; but the ladies it was meant for read it in the "*Moniteur*" next morning, laughed, and said, "Poor old Dupin!" That was what he got for his trouble. It needed a stronger hand than his to stop the wave. And yet, with all this noise and splashing, the wave did not really hold much water; it was made up of surface foam. It seemed to cover almost the entire sea of life, but it had no depth, and even its superficial area was vastly less than was supposed. The majority of women are good and honest, and are more inclined to the discharge of quiet duties than to the pursuit of reckless pleasure; it was but a minority — a small minority — which went in for joy and dress, and adopted them as the sole object of existence. Of course a good many of the quiet wives and mothers were a little tempted by the glitter round them; they would not have been Frenchwomen if they had been quite insensible to the glory of other peoples' clothes: but their good sense and their innate love of honesty protected them from danger; they stood by in safety; they went on dressing mildly, and limited their outlay to what their husbands gave them. They are, however, enough "frisky matrons" and foolish virgins on this earth to supply material for any madness which fashion may set going. There are abundant asses among the men that modern civilization has produced who are always ready to applaud excesses, even if they have to pay for them. So, with example

from above and imitation from below, rowdy dressing and rowdy manners became typical of the period, and will be long remembered as having constituted one of the worst of the social aspects of the Second Empire.

Not that the members of the group who dressed were morally much worse than the people who live for pleasure in other lands. There is a singular equality in the dissemination of vice and virtue. The accidents of exterior development which come and go with every generation affect but little more than mere externals; they do not exercise any real influence on the inner condition of a nation, unless, indeed, they last long enough to acquire a permanent hold of its thought and action. Women who seek solely for diversion are not likely anywhere to do their duty to their children; and whether they be English, French, or Russian, their neglect of home duties is probably everywhere the same. Worldliness, whatever be its form, is not a peculiarity of a race or of an epoch; frivolity, vanity, and lust of the eyes have been pretty general since the world was made, and it would be untrue and unjust to describe them as monopolies of the women of the Second Empire. But however founded this reservation may be, those women did go singularly far in the pursuit of contemptible enjoyments; they did their very utmost to damage their generation by destroying the higher objects of society; and if other women do the same in varying degree, that fact does not excuse the Parisians for setting the example.

Perhaps, however, the men merit more blame than the women, for the latter are only what the former make them. It is a question of supply and demand: when men want ladies round them, women become ladies; when men want the other thing, women become the other thing. They model themselves according to the requirements of their masters, and the fluctuations of their type and manners may always be taken as a tolerably safe indication of the male tendencies of the period. Men have therefore but small right to complain if the result be bad; it is mainly their own work: they deserve credit if the end is worthy; they must take the greater part of the blame if it be the contrary. It is they who have lifted up *cocottes* into the detestable prominence which they occupy in Paris; it is they who have led other women to suppose that the *cocotte* aspect is the one which pleases men, and which all women whose desire is to please must necessarily pursue. We foreigners

may attribute all this folly to the women who perpetrate it; but that is unfair: the greatest sinners are the men who ask for it. Women follow and obey far more than they originate. Of course this argument applies to the principle alone, and does not reach the details: there men are outside the question; they have no hand in the compilation of grotesque adornments; they like them, but they do not invent them. They do not wish their wives to spend £8000 a year apiece on clothes, but they pay the bill because its very bigness flatters them; it is a merit in their eyes to have a wife who costs so much. This is a consequence, exaggerated and absurd, but still a consequence of the ugliness to which they are themselves condemned: when men become able to dress themselves with freedom they will cease to feel pride in overdressing the women around them.

The effect of these extravagances has necessarily been to almost destroy family life for the people who have indulged in them. There are women in France—a good many, too—who dress only for their husbands and their firesides, who think that they do their duty to God and themselves in trying to make their homes attractive to their proprietors, and who imagine rightly that they serve that purpose by adorning their own persons for the greater delectation of legitimate spectators. But the quick-living ladies, who, until a short time ago, lived for the world at large, did not content themselves with any such restricted field of action. One admirer did not satisfy their eager minds; they went in for multitude, and adopted means which were as large as the end they had in view. That some of them really liked their husbands, and had a sort of tenderness for their children, is not at all impossible; but as it is extremely difficult to associate indoor love with outside vanities, the former was pretty often abandoned in order to be better able to attend to the latter. It would be particularly useless to draw harrowing pictures of worldliness, and of the damage which it has done to family joys in France, for its effects are pretty much the same in all the capitals of Europe. Piccadilly can tell us as much about it as we can learn in the Champs Elysées. We all perfectly well know what it looks like and what it produces, only it is infinitely pleasanter to abuse it in the French than in ourselves. It is very soothing to discuss the mote in our brother's eye; so we go in at the iniquities of France, as if we were all innocence and

virtue on this side. It is true that the Parisiennes do encourage us to this sort of action, for they have always exposed their faults to the universe with a frankness and a completeness of which we can discover no example elsewhere. Other people cover themselves with hypocrisies and shams; but as the "nation de trop de paroles" does not seem, in this respect at least, to care what its neighbours think, it shows itself as it is. Socially there is very little humbug and scarcely any snobbishness in France. There is no recognized upper class to struggle after or to imitate. Great as are the demerits of the country in its politico-moral developments, it is singularly free from the disposition either to revere and copy rank, or to veil its passing tendencies. We see the French pretty nearly as they are; the good and the bad in them come out with full distinctness; and that is one of the reasons why it is so delightfully easy for us superior people to call them hard names.

The bad, however, was so terribly prominent amongst the riotous society of the ante-Sedan period, that there is really some excuse for insisting on it. Since the Regency we have not seen such a wilful apotheosis of pleasure as those twenty years produced; and of all the external forms which the movement assumed, woman's dress was the most marked and most evident. Whether that dress was a cause or a result is rather difficult to determine; but its action, though limited to a certain set, was as great within its sphere, as that of any other of the deleterious springs which were at work. It is true that there is an amusing side to the question; but so there is to the history of a good many other of the damaging influences to which life is exposed. It is true that the pictures of the contemporaneous society with which the "Vie Parisienne" stimulated every Saturday the appetites of its readers were extremely clever and abundantly diverting. It is true that the realities, the actualities, of daily talk and daily ways, were often provocative of much laughter (more than France hears now); but after all, laughter may be bought at too high a price — and so it was in those times. Brightness and gaiety are cheering and tempting ends to follow, especially when life is young; but they are none the less real if they are innocent and not too dear. The Second Empire, however, was not particularly innocent, and no one will accuse it of having led to cheapness. It broke down the honest and wise social traditions which pre-

ceded it, it enthroned extravagance, it lowered both men and women; and one of its most active agents towards these results was probably the style of dress which it inaugurated.

But whatever may have been the degree of moral harm which was thus generated, it was, relatively, even less conspicuous than the odious corruption of taste and type which grew up during those twenty years. Regarded as a form of art — and it certainly ought to be so considered — women's dress is a manifest indication of current ideas on form and colour. It does not constitute a mere ornament of the body. It is not limited to the expression of individuality of conception, or of any personal sentiment of fitness (though that is one of the very best developments which it can assume); it is, or ought to be, an outward sign of the art tendencies of an epoch. Not of art in the restricted sense which so many of us attribute to the word, the narrow art of pictures, and of statues, and of sculpture, but of the universal harmonies of shapes and tints which nature shows us how to realize, and which, at many periods of the world's history, men and women have felt and followed. This is the art which so disposes objects round us that each presents the highest form which it is susceptible of attaining, and produces in us the keenest satisfactions which the eye can convey. This is the art through which home adornment in furniture, in dress, achieves the end of rendering life pleasanter, and of showing us how great results can be obtained by little means, how truth and charm and taste can be insensibly inculcated by the daily sight of the things we live with. The fashions of the Empire offered no such teaching; glare and eccentricity were their distinguishing characteristics; they did not contain one sign of the higher views which the choice of dress ought always to pursue; they were excessive in every detail, especially in cost. The caricatures of the period will hand down to posterity a tolerably correct knowledge of what the streets and drawing-rooms of Paris looked like between December 1851 and September 1870. French grand-children will indeed mock at the aspect of the women we have known, at their crinolines four yards round, and, five years later, at their narrow skirts clinging round their legs. They will recognize in them what they really were, "des femmes remplies de bijoux et d'elles-mêmes," with small room for love of other people, and with a permanent disposition to disobey

all the rules which ought to guide the choice of feminine costume. When all possible varieties of form had been exhausted, the ladies of the period took up colour, and if Germany had not intervened, they would soon have worn out colour too, and have had nothing left to choose from. The reaction which has now set in is against all colour; women are wearing tints which have no name, which never were real or fresh or true, but which still do not quite reach the tone which we design by "faded;" they are essentially "*des couleurs provisoires*," as Paris calls them, in sympathy with the sort of government which France just now possesses, neither Monarchy nor Republic, neither reality nor fiction, neither seed nor flower. It really is amusing to see dress thus fit itself to the accidents of politics. From respectable under Louis Philippe, it became noisy under the Empire, and has now turned to "provisional" under M. Thiers. Whatever be its next stage, we may, at all events, be sure that it will never grow "definitive." Its essence is to change, not only with dynasties, but with all the passing fancies which caprice may set afloat. It is as well that it should be so, for if the fashions of the Empire had lasted, there would have been an end of all taste in France; such treatment would have suffocated it. It is true that the exact measure of the style of a period can scarcely be arrived at by contemporaries; prejudice and habit blind us too much to allow us to exercise discriminating judgment on objects which surround us. We can recognize the superiority of the toilet of both men and women during the epoch which stretched from the thirteenth to the sixteenth Louis; we can all see how ungraceful dress was under the Valois, the Directory, and the First Empire; but we cannot form an equally sure opinion with reference to ourselves, partly because we are accustomed to what we live with, partly because the differences which arise from year to year involve only modifications of detail, with no marked change of character or type. As yet, although we can only compare the details of different moments of our generation, we can, at all events, give a verdict on them between themselves, and can, within that limit, assign to the ephemeral fashions of the reign of Napoleon III. their little place in history. A detestably bad one it is. Rarely has the theory of dress assumed a less satisfactory expression than during those twenty years amongst the women who, whether we like it or not, we must take as typical of the time. Rarely

has a momentary rush of extravagance, in all its forms, exercised a worse influence, artistically, on those who were subjected to it.

It is scarcely necessary to offer any arguments in proof of this; but if there should still be people who, by long custom (they can have no better motive), should wish to defend the piece in which they have played a part, let them explain — if anyhow they can — the merit of a system which is based on nothing but the deification of money. Since the Byzantines put gold and silver into pictures, and called it art, we have had no similar example of the adoration of mere glitter. Happily it is over; and if the Empire should get back — which is an eventuality not to be disregarded — we may presume that it will not repeat the error, but will offer another model to its restored subjects.

But even the Empire did not crush out the true Frenchwoman; she lived through it, unaffected by examples; she maintained the old tradition in silent corners; she is coming out again in her ancient wisdom; she is once more ready to show Europe what a woman's dress ought to symbolize. Her principle always has been that the brightest forms, the most admirable results, are attainable by the simplest means, and that they are utterly independent of the fictitious splendours which bank-notes pay for. She has not abandoned the great theory that women should be women always; that when they drift to rowdiness they lose their charm; that distinction is the one end worth struggling for. And here it should be noticed that distinction is not, necessarily, a pure gift of nature. Its noblest manifestations are, of course, dependent on physical conditions which no use of taste, however cunning, can thoroughly replace; but taste can do a vast deal to atone for corporeal insufficiencies, and, as regards dress alone, it is the one guide to perfectness. But taste, in this case, means wisdom, tact, and common-sense, as well as the able handling of form and colour. Taste means suitableness in everything — in the choice of substances and shapes and tints which fit the social condition of the wearer as well as her personal aspect. It means not only the pursuit of a harmonious whole, but the diligent appropriation of all the smaller delicacies of detail which true women ought to practise, so that every element of their dress may support critical examination, so that no "faults of spelling" may be discovered by an investigating eye. And it means the realization of all this

with little money. This was what most Frenchwomen used to reach; this is what many of them have never forgotten; it is to this they are coming back. When they have done so thoroughly the world may safely copy them once more.

To a woman of the middle class in France dress involves an expenditure of £60 a-year: within that limit she can let her imagination travel; beyond it lie forbidden things. Now, considering that £60 is the price of one ordinary gown for certain other people, it is not easy to understand how Madame Somebody, whose husband is a small barrister or a Government clerk, who owns two children, and whose entire annual income is £440, can be got up as she is. And yet she does it, and a vast number of her sort do it too, with identical success. The result is seemingly out of all proportion with the means, but that is only an optical illusion. The £60 form but one element in the means; we do not see the rest unless we look very closely for it; but when we have discovered the supplementary sources of action which contribute to the end produced, we are almost inclined to think that the £60 are a superfluity, and that the whole thing might just as well be managed without any money at all. Amongst the many employments of human ingenuity it would be difficult to select one in which inventiveness, resolute purpose, dexterity of handling, and especially utilization of the very smallest chances, are set to work with more persistence or more intelligence. There is assuredly no similar example of the victory which cleverness can win in battle against poverty. But triumph is attainable solely by personal action; in such a struggle nothing can be delegated to others; the author must do everything herself—not, perhaps, the sewing, which is a merely mechanical act, but the devising, the arranging, the fitting, the ordaining, and, more than all, the organizing of the whole, so that it may present unity of effect. Furthermore, as Frenchwomen of the class we are talking of are perpetually restoring their old clothes, and adapting them to new necessities, it is clear that no one else could serve them, for no one else knows what they possess. Their habit of directly governing their dress is not, however, peculiar to this or any other class. No Frenchwoman who respects her own opinion will allow herself to be guided by either a *couturière* or a *femme-de-chambre*. She lets them cut and sew, but she originates herself, knowing, by her instinct, that in no other way can she make her toilet what it

ought to be—representative of herself. The main features of the dressing of the true Parisienne—of the woman who is always charming, despite her empty purse—are individuality, harmony, and finished detail.

It is very easy to talk about the process in this loose way; but it is almost impossible to describe it accurately, especially so as to enable others to try their hand at it. The end is peculiar to France. It cannot be attained unless it be realized by the imagination before it is produced materially. To say "I will have a black silk dress" is an abstract proposition, containing no sort of specific meaning beyond that which strictly belongs to the three words which form it. But to the true female mind the phrase a "black silk dress" is susceptible of a thousand senses and of as many associations, particularly to women who, both by pecuniary necessity and by personal disposition, do not stumble, haphazard, into their clothes, but carefully weigh them out and use much comparison. Their work is essentially one of choice and calculation, restricted, of course, in execution, by economy and by the accidents of individual talent, but absolutely limitless in general theory and idea. A black silk dress may assume almost as many forms as sunset clouds can offer. It is in selection between these forms—it is in the character and expression given to the product—that the idiosyncrasies of the wearer come to light, that the woman shows out herself, that the Parisienne stands alone. The gown, is however, but one element of the whole—the largest and most apparent, it is true, but not the most important, for a cotton dress worth fifteen francs may speak up with equal power, and may proclaim with as loud a voice, the merit of its author. The boots, the gloves, the sash, the hat, the parasol, the linen above all, subscribe more largely still to the tone and type of a well-dressed woman: it is to them that the experienced eye turns curiously in order to determine the exact degree of her perfection in this branch of merit. No one who really knows and feels what dress ought to imply will limit observation to a skirt; the dissection will be rapid but complete; it will extend to every detail—hands, feet, hair, and undergarments, will each receive a scrutinizing glance, and opinion will be formed on the assemblage of them all, not on any single element. In Paris, and elsewhere in France, there are crowds of women who come out reproachless from these ruthless examinations, the reason being that they know be-

forehand that they will be subjected to them, and prepare accordingly. It is not amongst cunning artists such as these that one sees jewels worn in the early morning, or gloves with holes in them, or stockings dangling round the ankles, twisted like the screw of a music-stool, or hanging helplessly like Turkish trousers. It is not they whose linen ever shows a stain, or who add coarse embroidery to their hidden vestments. Delicacy and fitness are their immediate means, harmony their object, charm their final end; and they reach it all.

These are true women in one of the most feminine senses of the title—it is they who brighten up so many homes in France—it is they who of late years have angrily resisted the barbarian onslaughts of money and bad taste—it is they who have preserved unweakened the traditions of their mothers—it is to them that we now should look for teaching and example. But they do not think of us; their field of action is indoors; they do not care for foreign imitators; their work is done for themselves and their own children. Their girls grow up in contact with sound theories on dress, in constant practice of the delicate science of self-adornment, but with the conviction that its highest truths lie in simplicity, in the resolute avoidance of all violence, of all waste, of all unnecessary outlay. At fourteen years old, those girls can cut out their own dresses; at ten they can trim bonnets, and can hold forth learnedly on the theory exhibited in their mother's practice. Education such as this makes wonderfully handy women; they know how to use their fingers for pretty nearly everything. Skill in dress leads on to other skills; the sentiment of art in its personal application, opens out the mind to its larger teachings. Regarded from this point of view—which, though it may seem exaggerated to persons who hear of it for the first time, is incontestably sound—Dress acquires a new use; it ceases to be an exhibition of vanity, or of low-class ability; it takes its place amongst the useful elements of instruction; it helps women along the road to knowledge.

But, alas! this pretty picture does not apply to everybody. It is so pleasant that it is particularly disagreeable to turn away from it to the crowds of utterly incompetent, blind-eyed, ordinary people, who are so terribly abundant in French departments, who are incapable of comprehending the most elementary of the laws of fitness; who wear leather boots with a muslin dress; cameo brooches stuck in the

middle of their chests; feathers, flowers, and lace in resolute confusion—really just like Englishwomen. Sins of this kind do not shock them: the poor creatures do not see them; they suppose it is all right, and have no qualms of conscience. And yet, next door to them, there may be one of those perfect models we were talking of just now—a model with no students and no admirers, like that rose we heard of in our youth, which wasted its sweetness on the desert air. This seems to show that the faculty of rightly appreciating dress is either a natural gift or a result of early teaching; anyhow, it is probable that it is difficult to acquire it in after-life, unless in rare cases and under special circumstances of example and assistance. It shows also, that though the highest types of dressing are to be found in France, they are not a necessary property of the entire nation. They must be regarded as developments of a special capacity under favourable conditions, rather than as an inherent right. The better class of Frenchwomen have grown slowly, with each other's help, to the height which they have now attained; their talent has become transmissible to their children (Mr. Darwin has not thought of that example of natural selection), but unequally and capriciously; they have not communicated it to the whole crowd round them, and the crowd remains incapable of imitation, or even of comprehension. It does not know how much a woman augments her power by a well-calculated use of carefully-selected ornament, or how a mother can help her child to acquire the appreciation of shape and colour by the study of her daily dress.

Regarded as one of the occupations which ought to fill up women's time at home, the preparation of clothes is natural and legitimate. All the world cannot be rich enough to pass its time in pleasure or in intellectual pastimes; the mass of us spend our lives with less money than we should like to have, and in a consequent constant effort to diminish our impecuniosity by our labour. Men trade and speculate, and do various other things for this end; women, who, unless exceptionally, have no direct power of earning cash, can only try to satisfy their longings by indoor work for their own account. Foolish people, who think it beneath their grandeur to make their own gowns and bonnets, are rare in France; there, even the richer classes generally consider it to be a duty to help themselves to some degree, and to know, at all events, how to sew.

But whether or not it be admitted that the subject is susceptible of these accessory merits, most of us will own that a well-dressed woman is an agreeable thing to look at. We do not all agree as to what a well-dressed woman is, and there is room for a very pretty quarrel between the advocates of French and English views upon the matter; but the principle remains unimpaired, even though its forms of realization are open to discussion. Even in France itself, as we have seen, there has been a fight between two types; one of them is nearly suppressed at last, and the other one is slowly regaining its old supremacy; but we English people, after all, can regard it only as an admirable curiosity: we are incapable of imitating it, for the same reason which prevents our learning how to cook — our women cannot do it.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A
PHAETON.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "A DAUGHTER
OF BETH," ETC.

"GALLOP apace, you fiery-footed steeds!" — that was the wish I knew lay deep down in Bell's heart as we went away from Lancaster. If Castor and Pollux did their work gallantly, we should sleep to-night in Kendal, and thereafter there would be abundant rest. This last day's journey consisted of thirty-three miles — considerably above our average day's distance — and we had accordingly cut it up into three portions. From Garstang to Lancaster is eleven miles; from Lancaster to Burton is eleven miles; from Burton to Kendal is eleven miles. Now Burton is in Westmoreland; and, once within her own county, Bell knew she was at home.

'Twas a perilous sort of day in which to approach the region of the Northern Lakes. In the best of weather, the great mass of mountains that stand on the margin of the sea ready to condense any moist vapours that may float in from the west and south, play sudden tricks sometimes and drown the holiday makers whom the sun has drawn out of the cottages, houses, and hotels up in the deep valleys. But here there were abundant clouds racing and chasing each other like the folks who sped over Cannobie Lea to overtake the bride of young Lochinvar; and now and again the wind would drive down on us the flying fringes of one of these masses

of vapour, producing a temporary fear. Bell cared least for these premonitions. She would not even cover herself with a cloak. Many a time we could see rain-drops glimmering in her brown hair and dripping from the flowers that she had again twisted in the folds; but she sat erect and glad, with a fine colour in her face that the wet breeze only heightened. When we got up to Slyne and Bolton-le-Sands, and came in sight of the long sweep of Morecambe Bay, she paid no attention to the fact that all along the far margin of the sea the clouds had melted into a white belt of rain. It was enough for her that the sun was out there, too; sometimes striking with a pale silvery light on the plain of the sea, sometimes throwing a stronger colour on the long curve of level sand. A wetter or windier sight never met the view of an apprehensive traveller than that great stretch of sea and sky. The glimmer of the sun only made the moisture in the air more apparent as the grey clouds were sent flying up from the south-west. We could not tell whether the sea was breaking white or not; but the fierce blowing of the wind was apparent in the hurrying trails of cloud and the rapidly shifting shafts of sunlight that now and again shot down on the sands.

"Bell," said Tita with a little anxiety, "you used to pride yourself on being able to forecast the weather, when you lived up among the hills. Don't you think we shall have a wet afternoon? — and we have nearly twenty miles to go yet."

The girl laughed.

"Mademoiselle acknowledges we shall have a little rain," said the Lieutenant, with a grim smile. If Bell was good at studying the appearances of the sky, he had acquired some skill in reading the language of her eloquent face.

"Why," says one of the party, "a deaf man down in a coal-pit could tell what sort of afternoon we shall have. The wind is driving the clouds up. The hills are stopping them on the way. When we enter Westmoreland we shall find the whole forces of the rain-fiends drawn out in array against us. But that is nothing to Bell, so long as we enter Westmoreland."

"Ah, you shall see," remarks Bell; "we may have a little rain this evening."

"Yes, that is very likely," said the Lieutenant, who seemed greatly tickled by this frank admission.

"But to-morrow, if this strong wind keeps up all night, would you be astonished to find Kendal with its stone houses all shining white in the sun?"

"Yes, I should be astonished."

"You must not provoke the prophetess," says my Lady, who is rather nervous about rainy weather, "or she will turn round on you, and predict all sorts of evil."

We could not exactly tell when we crossed the border line of Westmoreland, or doubtless Bell would have jumped down from the phaeton to kneel and kiss her native soil; but at all events when we reached the curious little village of Burton we knew we were then in Westmoreland, and Bell ushered us into the ancient hostelry of the Royal Oak as if she had been the proprietress of that and all the surrounding country. In former days Burton was doubtless a place of importance, when the stage-coaches stopped here before plunging into the wild mountain-country; and in the inn, which remains pretty much what it was in the last generation, were abundant relics of the past. When the Lieutenant and I returned from the stables to the old-fashioned little parlour and museum of the place, we found Bell endeavouring to get some quivering, trembling, jingling notes out of the piano, that was doubtless a fine piece of furniture at one time. A piece of yellow ivory informed the beholder that this venerable instrument had been made by "Thomas Tomkison, Dean Street, Soho, Manufacturer to His Royal Highness the Prince Regent." And what was this that Bell was hammering out?

"The standard on the braes o' Mar
Is up and streaming rarely!
The gathering pipe on Lochnagar
Is sounding lang and clearly!
The Highlandmen, from hill and glen,
In martial hue, wi' bonnets blue,
Wi' belted plaids and burnished blades,
Are coming late and early."

How the faded old instrument groaned and quivered as if it were struggling to get up some martial sentiment of its half-forgotten youth! It did its best to pant after that rapid and stirring air, and laboured and jangled in a pathetic fashion through the chords. It seemed like some poor old pensioner, decrepit and feeble-eyed, who sees a regiment passing with their band playing, and who tries to straighten himself up as he hears the tread of the men, and would fain step out to the sound of the music, but that his thin legs tremble beneath him. The wretched old piano struggled hard to keep up with the Gathering of the Clans as they hastened on to the braes o' Mar:—

"Wha wouldna join our noble chief,
The Drummond and Glangarry;
Macgregor, Murray, Rollo, Keith,
Pamure and gallant Harry!
Macdonald's men,
Clan Ranald's men,
M'Kenzie's men,
MacGilvray's men,
Strathallan's men,
The Lowland men
Of Callander and Airlie!"

—until my Lady put her hand gently on Bell's shoulder, and said—

"My dear, this is worse than eating green apples."

Bell shut down the lid.

"It is time for this old thing to be quiet," she said. "The people who sang with it when it was in its prime, they cannot sing any more now, and it has earned its rest."

Bell uttered these melancholy words as she turned to look out of the window. It was rather a gloomy afternoon. There was less wind visible in the motion of the clouds, but in place of the flying and hurrying masses of vapour, an ominous pall of grey was visible, and the main thoroughfare of Burton-in-Kendall was gradually growing moister under a slow rain. Suddenly Bell said:

"Is it possible for Arthur to have reached Kendal?"

The Lieutenant looked up, with something of a frown on his face.

"Yes," I say to her, "if he keeps up the pace with which he started. Thirty miles a day in a light dog-cart will not seriously damage the Major's cob, if only he gets a day's rest now and again."

"Then perhaps Arthur may be coming along this road just now?"

"He may; but it is hardly likely. He would come over by Kirkby Lonsdale."

"I think we should be none the worse for his company, if he were to arrive," says Tita, with a little apprehension, "for it will be dark long before we get to Kendal—and on such a night, too, as we are likely to have."

"Then let us start at once, Madame," said the Lieutenant. "The horses will be ready to be put in harness now, I think; and they must have as much time for the rest of the journey as we can give them. Then the waterproofs—I will have them all taken out, and the rugs. We shall want much more than we have, I can assure you of that. And the lamps—we shall want them too."

The Lieutenant walked off to the stables with these weighty affairs of state possession.

ing his mind. He was as anxious to preserve these two women from suffering a shower of rain as if he thought they were made of bride's-cake. Out in the yard we found him planning the disposal of the rugs with the eye of a practised campaigner, and taking every boy and man in the place into his confidence. Whatever embarrassment his imperfect English might cause him in a drawing-room, there was no need to guard his speech in a stable-yard. But sometimes our Uhlan was puzzled. What could he make, for example, of the following sentence, addressed to him, by a worthy ostler at Garstang: *Yaas, an ah gied'n a aff booklet o' chilled water after ah'd weshen'n'?* Of the relations of the Lieutenant with the people whom he thus casually encountered, it may be said generally that he was "hail, fellow, well met" with any man who seemed of a frank and communicable disposition. With a good-natured landlord or groom, he would stand for any length of time talking about horses, their food, their ways, and the best methods of doctoring them. But when he encountered a sulky ostler, the unfortunate man had an evil time of it. His temper was not likely to be improved by the presence of this lounging young soldier, who stood whistling at the door of the stable and watching that every bit of the grooming was performed to a nicety, who examined the quality of the oats, and was not content with the hay, and who calmly stood by with his cigar in his mouth until he had seen the animals eat every grain of corn that had been put in the manger. The bad temper, by the way, was not always on the side of the ostler.

A vague proposition that we should remain at Burton for that night was unanimously rejected. Come what might we should start in Kendal with a clear day before us; and what mattered this running through our final stage in rain? A more feasible proposition, that both the women should sit in front so as to get the benefit of the hood, was rejected because neither of them would assume the responsibility of driving in the dark. But here a new and strange difficulty occurred. Of late, Bell and the Lieutenant had never sat together in the phaeton. Now, the Lieutenant declared it was much more safe that the horses should be driven by their lawful owner, who was accustomed to them. Accordingly, my post was in front. Thereupon, Bell, with many protestations of endearment, insisted on Queen Tita having the shelter of the hood. Bell, in

fact, would not get up until she had seen my Lady safely ensconced there and swathed up like a mummy; it followed, accordingly, that Bell and her companion were hidden from us by the hood; and the last of our setting-out arrangements was simply this—that the Lieutenant absolutely and firmly refused to wear his water-proof, because, as he said, it would only have the effect of making the rain run in streams on to Bell's tartan plaid. The girl put forth all manner of entreaties in vain. The foolish young man—he was on the headstrong side of thirty—would not hear of it.

So we turned the horses' heads to the north. Alas! over the mountainous country before us there lay an ominous darkness of sky. As we skirted Curwen Woods and drove by within sight of Clawthorpe Fell, the road became more hilly and more lonely, and it seemed as if we were to plunge into an unknown region inhabited only by mountains and hanging clouds. Nevertheless we could hear Bell laughing and chatting to the Lieutenant, and talking about what we should have to endure before we got to Kendal. As the wind rose slightly and blew the light waves of her laughter about, Tita called through to her, and asked her to sing again that Gathering of the Clans on the breezy braes o' Mar. But what would the wild mountain-spirits have done to us had they heard the twanging of a guitar up in this dismal region, to say nothing of the rain that would have destroyed the precious instrument for ever? For it was now pattering considerably on the top of the hood, and the wind had once more begun to blow. The darkness grew apace. The winding grey thread of the road took us up hill and down dale, twisting through a variegated country, of which we could see little but the tall hedges on each side of us. The rain increased. The wind blew it about, and moaned through the trees, and made a sound in the telegraph-wires overhead. These tall grey poles were destined to be an excellent guide to us. As the gloom gathered over us, we grew accustomed to the monotonous rising and falling of the pale road, while here and there we encountered a great pool of water, which made the younger of the horses swerve from time to time. By and by we knew it would be impossible to make out any finger-post; so that the murmuring of the telegraph-wires in the wind promised to tell us if we were still keeping the correct route to Kendal.

So we plunged on in the deepening twilight, splashing into the shallow pools, and listening to the whistling of the wind and the hissing of the rain. Bell had made no attempt to call out the clans on this wild night, and both of the young folks had for the most part relapsed into silence, unless when they called to us some consolatory message or assurance that on the whole they rather enjoyed getting wet. But at last the Lieutenant proposed that he should get down and light the lamps; and, indeed, it was high time.

He got down. He came round to the front. Why the strange delay of his movements? He went round again to his seat, kept searching about for what seemed an unconscionable time, and then, coming back, said rather diffidently—

"Do you happen to have a match with you?"

"No," said I; and at the same moment Tita broke into a bright laugh.

She knew the shame and mortification that were now on the face of the Lieutenant, if only there had been more light to see him as he stood there. To have an old campaigner tricked in this way! He remained irresolute for a second or two; and then he said in accents of profound vexation—

"It is such stupidity as I never saw. I did leave my case in the inn. Madame, you must pardon me this ridiculous thing; and we must drive on until we come to a house."

A house! The darkness had now come on so rapidly that twenty houses would scarcely have been visible, unless with yellow lights burning in their windows. There was nothing for it but to urge on our wild career as best we might; while we watched the telegraph-posts to tell us how the road went, and Castor and Polux, with the wet streaming down them, whirled the four wheels through the water and mud.

Tita had been making merry over our mishap, but this jocularly died away in view of the fact that at every moment there was a chance of our driving into a ditch. She forgot to laugh in her efforts to make out the road before us; and at last, when we drove into an avenue of trees under which there was pitch blackness, and as we felt that the horses were going down a hill, she called out to stop, so that one of us should descend and explore the way.

A blacker night has not occurred since the separating of light and darkness at the

Creation; and when the Lieutenant had got to the horses' heads, it was with the greatest difficulty he could induce them to go forward and down the hill. He had himself to feel his way in a very cautious fashion; and, indeed, his managing to keep the phaeton somewhere about the middle of the road until we had got from under this black avenue must be regarded as a feat. He had scarcely got back into his seat, when the rain, which had been coming down pretty heavily, now fell in torrents. We could hear it hissing in the pools of the road, and all around us on the trees and hedges, while the phaeton seemed to be struggling through a waterfall. No plaids, rugs, mackintoshes, or other device of man, could keep this deluge out; and Tita, with an air of calm resignation, made the remark that one of her shoes had come off and floated away. To crown all, we suddenly discovered that the telegraph-posts had abandoned us, and gone off along another road.

I stopped the horses. To miss one's way in the wilds of Westmoreland on such a night was no joke.

"Now, Bell, what has become of your knowledge of this district? Must we go back, and follow the telegraph-wires? Or shall we push on on chance?"

"I can neither see nor speak for the rain," cries Bell out of the darkness. "But I think we ought to follow the telegraph-wires. They are sure to lead to Kendal."

"With your permission, Mademoiselle," said the Lieutenant, who was once more down in the road, "I think it would be a pity to go back. If we drive on, we must come to a village somewhere."

"They don't happen so often in Westmoreland as you might expect," says Bell, despondently.

"If you will wait here, then, I will go forward, and see if I can find a house," says the Lieutenant, at which Queen Tita laughs again, and says we should all be washed away before he returned.

The Lieutenant struggles into his seat. We pushed on blindly. The rain is still thundering down on us; and we wonder whether we are fated to find ourselves in the early dawn somewhere about Wast Water or Conistoun.

About two hours before midnight, Columbus, standing on the fore-castle, observed a light at a distance, and privately pointed it out to Queen Titania.

"'Tis a turnpike, as I am a living navigator!" exclaimed the adventurous man.

A gun would have been fired from the deck of the Pinta to announce these joyful

tidings, only that the rain had washed away our powder. But now that we were cheered with the sight of land, we pushed ahead gallantly; the light grew in size and intensity; there could be no doubt this wild region was inhabited by human beings; and at last a native appeared, who addressed us in a tongue which we managed with some difficulty to understand, and, having exacted from us a small gift, he allowed us to proceed.

Once more we plunge into darkness and wet, but we know that Kendal is near. Just as we are approaching the foot of the hill, however, on which the town stands, a wild shriek from Titania startles the air. The black shadow of a dog-cart is seen to swerve across in front of the horses' heads, and just skims by our wheels. The wrath that dwelt in my Lady's heart with regard to the two men in this phantom vehicle need not be expressed; for that with the darkness of the trees, and the roaring of the wind and rain, and the fact of these two travellers coming at a fine pace along the wrong side of the road, we just escaped a catastrophe.

But we survived that danger, too, as we survived the strife of the elements. We drove up into the town. We wheeled round by the archway of still another King's Arms; and presently a half-drowned party of people — with their eyes, not yet accustomed to the darkness, wholly bewildered with the light — were standing in the warm and yellow glare of the hotel. There was a fluttering of dripping waterproofs, a pulling asunder of soaked plaids, and a drying of wet and gleaming cheeks that were red with the rain. The commotion raised by our entrance was alarming. You would have thought we had taken possession of this big, warm, comfortable old-fashioned inn. A thousand servants seemed to be scampering about the house to assist us; and by and by when all those moist garments had been taken away, and other and warmer clothing put on, and a steaming and fragrant banquet placed on the table, you should have seen the satisfaction that dwelt on every face. Arthur had not come — at least, no one had been making inquiries for us. There was nothing for us but to attack the savoury feast, and relate with laughter and with gladness all the adventures of the day, until you would have thought that the grave mother of those two boys at Twickenham had grown merry with the champagne, whereas she had not yet tasted the wine that was frothing and creaming in her glass.

CHAPTER XXI.

ALL ABOUT WINDERMERE.

“O meekest dove
Of Heaven! O Cynthia, ten-times bright and fair!

From thy blue throne, now filling all the air,
Glance but one little beam of tempered light
Into my bosom, that the dreadful might
And tyranny of love be somewhat sacred.”

It is a pleasant thing, especially in holiday-time, when one happens to have gone to bed with the depressing consciousness that outside the house the night is wild and stormy—rain pouring ceaselessly down and the fine weather sped away to the south—to catch a sudden glimmer, just as one opens one's eyes in the morning, of glowing green, where the sunlight is quivering on the waving branches of the trees. The new day is a miracle of freshness. The rain has washed the leaves, and the wind is shaking and rustling them in the warm light. You throw open the window, and the breeze that comes blowing in is sweet with the smell of wet roses. It is a new, bright, joyous day; and the rain and black night have fled together.

Bell's audacity in daring to hope we might have a fine morning after that wild evening, had almost destroyed our belief in her weather-foresight; but sure enough, when we got up on the following day, the stone houses of Kendal were shining in the sun, and a bright light colouring up the faces of the country people who had come into the town on early business. And what was this we heard?—a simple and familiar air that carried Tita back to that small church in Surrey over which she presides—sung carelessly and lightly by a young lady who certainly did not know that she could be overheard—

“Hark, hark, my soul, angelic songs are swelling

O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore.”

—Bell was at her orisons; but as the hymn only came to us in fitful and uncertain snatches, we concluded that the intervals were filled up by that light-hearted young woman twisting up the splendid folds of her hair. There was no great religious fervour in her singing to be sure. Sometimes the careless songstress forgot to add the words, and let us have fragments of the pretty air, of which she was particularly fond. But there was no reason at all why this pious hymn should suddenly be forsaken for the “*rataplan, rataplan, rataplan—rataplan, plan, pian,*

plan, plan," of the Daughter of the Regiment.

When we went down stairs, Bell was gravely perusing the morning papers. At this time, the Government were hurrying their Ballot Bill through the House, and the daily journals were full of clauses, amendments, and divisions. Bell wore rather a puzzled look; but she was so deeply interested — whether with the Parliamentary Summary or the Fashionable Intelligence can only be guessed — that she did not observe our entering the room. My Lady went gently forward to her and said —

"Hark, hark, my soul, angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields——"

The girl looked up with a start, and with a little look of alarm.

"Young ladies," observed Tita, "who have a habit of humming airs during their toilet, ought to be sure that their room is not separated by a very thin partition from any other room."

"If it was only you, I don't care.

"It mightn't have been only me."

"There is no great harm in a hymn," says Bell.

"But when one mixes up a hymn with that wicked song which Maria and the Sergeant sing together? Bell, we will forgive you everything this morning. You are quite a witch with the weather, and you shall have a kiss for bringing us such a beautiful day."

The morning salutation is performed.

"Isn't there enough of that to go round?" says the third person of the group. "Bell used to kiss me dutifully every morning. But a French writer has described a young lady as a creature that ceases to kiss gentlemen at twelve and begins again at twenty."

"A French writer!" says Tita. "No French writer ever said anything so impertinent and so stupid. The French are a cultivated nation, and their wit never takes the form of rudeness."

A nation or a man — it is all the same: attack either, and my Lady is ready with a sort of formal warranty of character.

"But why, Tita," says Bell, with just a trifle of protest in her voice, "why do you always praise the French nation? Other nations are as good as they are."

The laughter that shook the coffee-room of the King's Arms in Kendal, when this startling announcement was made to us, cannot be conveyed in words. There was something so boldly ingenuous in Bell's

protest that even Tita laughed till the tears stood in her eyes, and then she kissed Bell, and asked her pardon, and remarked that she was ready to acknowledge at any moment that the German nation was as good as the French nation.

"I did not mean anything of the kind," says Bell, looking rather shame-faced. "What does it matter to me what anyone thinks of the German nation?"

That was a true observation, at least. It did not matter to her nor anybody. The anthropomorphic abstractions which we call nations are very good pegs to hang prejudices on; but they do not suffer or gain much by any opinion we may form of their "characteristics."

"Where is Count von Rosen?" says Tita.

"I do not know," answered Bell, with an excellent assumption of indifference. "I have not seen him this morning. Probably he will come in and tell us that he has been to Windermere."

"No, Mademoiselle," said the Lieutenant, entering the room at the same moment, "I have not been to Windermere, but I am very anxious to go, for the morning is very fresh and good, and is it possible to say that it may remain fine all the day? We may start directly after breakfast. I have looked at the horses — they are all very well, and have suffered nothing from the rain — they are looking contented and comfortable after the brumash of last night, and to-morrow they will start again very well.

"And you have heard nothing of Arthur?" asks my Lady.

"No."

Was the Lieutenant likely to have been scouring the country in search of that young man?

"It is very strange. If he found himself unable to get here by the time he expected to meet us, it is a wonder he did not send on a message. I hope he has met with no accident."

"No there is no fear, Madame," said the Lieutenant, "he will overtake us soon. He may arrive to-night, or to-morrow before we go — he cannot make a mistake about finding us. But you do not propose to wait anywhere for him?"

"No," I say decisively, "we don't. Or if we do wait for him it will not be in Kendal."

The Lieutenant seemed to think that Arthur would overtake us soon enough; and need not further concern us. But my Lady appeared to be a little anxious about the safety of the young man until

it was shown us, that, after all, Arthur might have been moved to give the Major's cob a day's rest somewhere, in which case he could not possibly have reached Kendal by this time.

We go out into the sunlit and breezy street. We can almost believe Bell that there is a peculiar sweetness in the Westmoreland air. We lounge about the quaint old town, which perched on the steep slope of a hill, has sometimes those curious juxtapositions of door-step and chimney-pot which are familiar to the successive terraces of Dartmouth. We go down to the green banks of the river; and the Lieutenant is bidden to observe how rapid and clear the brown stream is, even after coming through the dyeing and bleaching works. He is walking on in front with Bell. He does not strive to avoid her now — on the contrary, they are inseparable companions — but my Lady puzzles herself in vain to discover what are their actual relations towards each other at this time. They do not seem anxious or dissatisfied. They appear to have drifted back to those ordinary friendly terms of intercourse which had marked their setting-out; but how is this possible after what occurred in Wales? As neither has said anything to us about these things, nothing is known; these confidences have been invariably voluntary, and my Lady is quite well pleased that Bell should manage her own affairs.

Certainly, if Bell was at this time being pressed to decide between Von Rosen and Arthur, that unfortunate youth from Twickenham was suffering grievously from an evil fortune. Consider what advantages the Lieutenant had in accompanying the girl into this dreamland of her youth, when her heart was opening out to all sorts of tender recollections, and when to confer a great gratification upon her, you had only to say you were pleased with Westmoreland, and its sunlight, and its people and scenery. What adjectives that perfervid Uhlan may have been using — and he was rather a good hand at expressing his satisfaction with anything — we did not try to hear; but Bell wore her brightest and happiest looks. Doubtless the Lieutenant was telling her that there was no water in the world could turn out such brilliant colours as those we saw bleaching on the meadows — that no river in the world ran half so fast as the Kent — and that no light could compare with the light of a Westmoreland sky in beautifying and clarifying the varied hues of the landscape that lay around. He was

greatly surprised with the old-fashioned streets when we had clambered up to the town again. He paid particular attention to the railway station. When a porter caught a boy back from the edge of the platform, and angrily said to him, "Wut's thee duin' theear, an' the traain a coomin' oop?" he made as though he understood the man. This was Bell's country; and everything in it was profoundly interesting.

However, when the train had once got away from the station, and we found ourselves being carried through the fresh and pleasant landscape — with a cool wind blowing in at the window, and all the trees outside bending and rustling in the breeze — it was not merely out of compliment to Bell that he praised the brightness of the day and the beauty of the country around.

"And it is so comforting to think of the horses enjoying a day's thorough rest," said Tita; "for when we start again to-morrow, they will have to attack some hard work."

"Only at first," said Bell, who was always ready to show that she knew the road; "the first mile or so is hilly; but after that the road goes down to Windermere and runs along by the lake to Ambleside. It is a beautiful drive through the trees; and if we get a day like this —"

No wonder she turned to look out with pride and delight on the great and glowing picture that lay around us — the background of which had glimpses of blue mountains lying pale and misty under light masses of cloud. The small stations we passed were smothered in green foliage. Here and there we caught sight of a brown rivulet, or a long avenue of trees arching over a white road. And then, in an incredibly short space of time, we found ourselves outside the Windermere Station, standing in the open glare of the day.

For an instant a look of bewilderment, and even of disappointment, appeared on the girl's face. Evidently, she did not know the way. The houses that had sprung up of late years were strangers to her — strangers that seemed to have no business there. But whereas the new buildings, and the cutting of terraces and alterations of gardens were novel and perplexing phenomena, the general features of the neighbourhood remained the same; and after a momentary hesitation she hit upon the right path up to Elleray, and thereafter was quite at home.

Now there rests in our Bell's mind a strange superstition that she can remem-

ber, having sat upon Christopher North's knee. The story is wholly impossible and absurd; for Wilson died in the year in which Bell was born; but she nevertheless preserves the fixed impression of having seen the kingly old man, and wondered at his long hair and great collar, and listened to his talking to her. Out of what circumstance in her childhood this curious belief may have arisen is a psychological conundrum which Tita and I have long ago given up; and Bell herself cannot even suggest any other celebrated person of the neighbourhood who may, in her infancy have produced a profound impression on her imagination and caused her to construct a confused picture into which the noble figure of the old Professor had somehow and subsequently been introduced; but none the less she asks us how it is that she can remember exactly the expression of his face and eyes as he looked down on her, and how even to this day she can recall the sense of awe with which she regarded him, even as he was trying to amuse her.

The Lieutenant knew all about this story; and it was with a great interest that he went up to Elleray Cottage, and saw the famous chestnut which Christopher North has talked of to the world. It was as if some relative of Bell's had lived in this place, some foster-father or grand-uncle who had watched her youth; and who does not know the strange curiosity with which a lover listens to stories of the childhood of his sweetheart or meets anyone who knew her in those old and half-forgotten years? It seems a wonderful thing to him that he should not have known her then—that all the world at that time, so far as he knew, was unconscious of her magical presence; and he seeks to make himself familiar with her earliest years, to nurse the delusion that he has known her always, and that ever since her entrance into the world she has belonged to him. In like manner, let two lovers, who have known each other for a number of years, begin to reveal to each other when the first notion of love entered their mind: they will insensibly shift the date further and further back, as if they would blot out the pallid and colourless time in which they were stupid enough not to have found out their great affection for each other. The Lieutenant was quite vexed that he knew little of Professor Wilson's works. He said he would get them all the moment that he went back to London; and when Bell, as we lingered about the grounds of Elleray, told him how that

there was a great deal of Scotch in the books, and how the old man whom she vaguely recollected had written about Scotland, and how that she had about as great a longing—when she was buried away down south in the common-placeness of London and Surrey—to smell the heather and see the lovely glens and the far reaching sea-lakes of Scotland as to reach her own and native Westmoreland, the Lieutenant began to nurture a secret affection for Scotland and wondered when we should get there.

I cannot describe in minute detail our day's ramble about Windermere. It was all a dream to us. Many years had come and gone since those of us who were familiar with the place had been there; and somehow half unconsciously to ourselves, we kept trying to get away from the sight of new people and new houses, and to discover the old familiar features of the neighbourhood that we had loved. Once or twice there was in Tita's eyes a moisture she could scarce conceal; and the light of gladness on Bell's bright face was preserved there chiefly through her efforts to instruct the Lieutenant, which made her forget old memories. She was happy, too, in hitting on the old paths. When we went down from Elleray through the private grounds that lie along the side of the hill, she found no difficulty whatever in showing us how we were to get to the lake. She took us down through a close and sweet-smelling wood, where the sunlight only struggled at intervals through the innumerable stems and leaves, and lit up the brackens and other ferns and underwood. There was a stream running down close by, that plashed and gurgled down its stony channel. As we got further down the slope, the darkness of the avenue increased; and then all at once, at the end of the trees, we came in sight of a blinding glare of white—the level waters of the lake.

And then, when we left the wood and stood on the shore, all the fair plain of Windermere lay before us—wind-swept and troubled with great dashes of blue along its surface, and a breezy shy moving overhead. Near at hand, there were soft green hills, shining in the sunlight; and, further off, long and narrow promontories, piercing out into the water, with their dark line of trees growing almost black against the silver glory of the lake. But then again the hurrying wind would blow away the shadow of the cloud; a beam of sunlight would run along the line of trees, making them glow green above

the blue of the water; and from this moving and shifting and glowing picture we turned to the far and ethereal masses of the Langdale Pikes and the mountains above Ambleside, which changed as the changing clouds were blown over from the west.

We got a boat and went out into the wilderness of water and wind and sky. Now we saw the reedy shores behind us, and the clear and shallow water at the brink of which we had been standing, receiving the troubled reflection of the woods. Out here the beautiful islands of Lady Holm, Thompson's Holm, and Belle Isle were shimmering in green. Far up there in the north the slopes and gullies of the great mountains were showing a thousand hues of soft velvet-like greys and blues, and even warming up into a pale yellowish green, where a ray of the sunlight struck the lower slopes. Over by Furness Fells the clouds lay in heavier masses, and moved slowly; but elsewhere there was a brisk motion over the lake, that changed its beauties even as one looked at them.

"Mademoiselle," observed the Lieutenant, as if a new revelation had broken upon him, "all that you have said about your native country is true; and now I understand why that you did weary in London, and think very much of your own home."

Perhaps he thought, too, that there was but one county in England, or in the world, that could have produced this handsome, courageous, generous, and true-hearted English girl—for such are the exaggerations that lovers cherish.

We put into Bowness, and went up to the Crown Hotel there. In an instant—as rapidly as Alloway Kirk became dark when Tam o' Shanter called out—the whole romance of the day went clean out and was extinguished. How any of God's creatures could have come to dress themselves in such fashion, amid such scenery, our young Uhlan professed himself unable to tell; but here were men—apparently in their proper senses wearing such comicalities of jackets and resplendent knickerbockers as would have made a harlequin blush, with young ladies tarred and feathered, as it were, with staring stripes and alarming petticoats, and sailor's hats of straw. Why should the borders of a lake be provocative of these mad eccentricities? Who that has wandered about the neighbourhoods of Zürich, Lucerne and Thun, does not know the wild freaks which Englishmen (far more than Englishwomen) will permit to themselves in dress? We

should have fancied those gentlemen with the variegated knickerbockers had just come down from the Righi (by rail) if they had had Alpen-stocks and snow-spectacles with them; and, indeed, it was a matter for surprise that these familiar appurtenances were absent from the shores of Windermere.

My Lady looked at the strange people rather askance.

"My dear," says Bell, in an undertone, "they are quite harmless."

We had luncheon in a corner of the great room. Dinner was already laid; and our plain meal seemed to borrow a certain richness from that long array of coloured wine-glasses. Bell considered the sight rather pretty; but my Lady began to wonder how much crystal the servants would have broken by the time we got back to Surrey. Then we went down to the lake again, stepped into a small steamer, and stood out to sea.

It was now well on in the afternoon; and the masses of cloud that came rolling from the west and south-west, when they clung to the summits of the mountains, threw a deeper shadow on the landscape beneath. Here and there, too, as the evening wore on, and we had steamed up within sight of the small island that is called Seamew Crag, we occasionally saw one of the great heaps of cloud get melted down into a grey mist that for a few minutes blotted out the side of a mountain. Meanwhile the sun had also got well up to the north-west; and as the clouds came over and swept about the peaks of Langdale, a succession of the wildest atmospheric effects became visible. Sometimes a great gloom would overspread the whole landscape, and we began to anticipate a night of rain; then a curious saffron glow would appear behind the clouds; then a great smoke of grey would be seen to creep down the hill, and finally the sunlight would break through, shining on the retreating vapour, and on the wet sides of the hills. Once or twice a light trail of cloud passed across the lake, and threw a slight shower of rain upon us; but when we got to Ambleside, the clouds had been for the most part driven by, and the clear heavens—irradiated by a beautiful twilight—tempted us to walk back to Windermere village by the road.

You may suppose that that was a pleasant walk for those two young folks. Everything had conspired to please Bell during the day, and she was in a dangerously amiable mood. As the dusk fell, and the white water gleamed through the trees by

the margin of the lake, we walked along the winding road without meeting a solitary creature; and Queen Titania gently let our young friends get on ahead, so that we could only see the two dark figures pass underneath the dark avenues of trees.

"Did you ever see a girl more happy?" she says.

"Yes, once — at Eastbourne."

Tita laughs, in a low, pleased way; for she is never averse to recalling these old days.

"I was very stupid then," she says.

That is a matter upon which she, of course, ought to be able to speak. It would be unbecoming to interfere with the right of private judgment.

"Besides," she remarks, audaciously, "I did not mean half I said. Don't you imagine I meant half what I said. It was all making fun, you know, wasn't it?"

"It has been deadly earnest since."

"Poor thing!" she says, in the most sympathetic way; and there is no saying what fatal thunderbolt she might have launched, had not her attention been called away just then.

For as we went along in the twilight it seemed to us that the old moss-covered wall was beginning to throw a slight shadow, and that the pale road was growing warmer in hue. Moved by the same impulse, we turned suddenly to the lake, and lo! out there beyond the trees, a great yellow glory was lying on the bosom of Windermere, and somewhere — hidden by the dark branches — the low moon had come into the clear violet sky. We walked on until we came to a clearance in the trees, and there, just over the opposite shore, the golden sickle lay in the heavens, the purple of which was suffused by the soft glow. It was a wonderful twilight. The ripples that broke in among the reeds down at the shore quivered in lines of gold; and a little bit further out a small boat lay black as night in the path of the moonlight. The shadow cast by the wall grew stronger; and now the trees, too, threw black bars across the yellow road. The two lovers paid no heed to these things for a long time — they wandered on, engrossed in talk. But at length we saw them stop and turn towards the lake; while Bell looked back towards us, with her face getting a faint touch of the glory coming over from the south.

All the jesting had gone out of Bell's face. She was as grave, and gentle, and thoughtful — when we reached the two of them — as Undine was on the day after

her marriage; and insensibly she drew near to Tita, and took her away from us, and left the Lieutenant and myself to follow. That young gentleman was as solemn as though he had swallowed the Longer Catechism and the Westminster Confession of Faith. He admitted that it was a beautiful evening. He made a remark about the scenery of the district which would have served admirably as a motto for one of those views that stationers put at the head of their note-paper. And then, with some abruptness, he asked what we should do if Arthur did not arrive in Kendal that night or next day.

"If Arthur does not come to-night, we shall probably have some dinner at the King's Arms. If he does not come in the morning, we may be permitted to take some breakfast. And then if his staying away does not alter the position of Windermere, we shall most likely drive along this very road to-morrow forenoon. But why this solemn importance conferred on Arthur all of a sudden?"

"Oh, I cannot tell you."

"Nobody asked you."

"But I will give you a very good cigar, my dear friend."

"That is a great deal better — but let it be old and dry."

And so we got back to Windermere station and took train to Kendal. By the time we were walking up through the streets of the old town the moon had swum further up into the heavens, and its light, now a pale silver, was shining along the fronts of the houses.

We went into the inn. No message from Arthur. A little flutter of dismay disturbs the women, until the folly of imagining all manner of accidents — merely because an erratic young man takes a day longer to drive to Kendal than they had anticipated — is pointed out to them. Then dinner, and Bell appears in her prettiest dress, so that even Tita, when she comes into the room, kisses her, as if the girl had performed a specially virtuous action in merely choosing out of a milliner's shop a suitable colour.

[*Note by Queen Titania.* — "I hope I am revealing no secrets; but it would be a great pity if any one thought that Bell was *heartless*, or *indifferent*, a mistake that might occur when she is written about by one who makes a jest about the *most serious moments* in one's life. Now it was quite pitiable to see how the poor girl was troubled as we walked home that night by the side of Windermere. She as good as confessed to me — not in words, you know, for b-

tween women the least hint is *quite sufficient*, and saves a great deal of embarrassment — that she very much liked the Lieutenant, and admired his character, and that she was extremely vexed and sorry that she had been compelled to refuse him when he made her an offer. She told me, too, that he had pressed her not to make that decision final; and that she had admitted to him that it was really against her own wish that she had done so. But then she put it to me, as she had put it to him, what she would think of herself if she went and *betrayed* Arthur in this way. Really, I could not see any *betrayal* in the matter; and I asked her whether it would be fair to Arthur to marry him while she secretly would have preferred to marry another. She said she would try all in her power not to marry Arthur, if only he would be reconciled to her breaking with him; but then she immediately added, with an earnestness that I thought very *pathetic*, that if she treated Arthur badly any other man might fairly expect her to treat him badly too, and if she could not satisfy herself that she had acted rightly throughout she would not marry at all. It is a great pity I cannot show the readers of these few lines Bell's photograph, or they would see the *down-right absurdity* of such a resolve as that. To think of a girl like her not marrying is simply out of the question; but the danger at this moment was that, in one of these foolish fits of determination, she would send the Lieutenant away altogether. Then I think there might be a chance of her not marrying at all; for I am *greatly mistaken* if she does not care a good deal more for him than she will acknowledge. I advised her to tell Arthur frankly how matters stand; but she seems afraid. Under any circumstances, he will be sure to discover the truth; and then it will be far worse for him than if she made a *full confession* just now, and got rid of all these perplexities and entanglements, which ought not to be throwing a cloud over a young face."]

From The Sunday Magazine.

"QUESTION-DAY" IN THE HIGHLANDS.

I HAD been spending some weeks in the Isle of Skye, day by day enjoying the ever-changing aspects of its bare but grand and impressive mountain scenery. We varied our excursions among the curiosities of the island by occasional short voyages to this point and that; but the one that has left the deepest impression on my mind was a memorable "run" to the mainland. We put to sea early, and saw the morning break under most favourable conditions. Across the windless sea came a breath with the dawn. Over Rona, over Raasay came gusts of the west wind belting the Sound with sapphire; beyond the Croulins drifted

the night mists, shrouding to its peak the sombre Bein-na-Cailiach, a far beacon to the coaster out upon the Minch. Through the Sound of the Croulins our white sail drifted, stirring the cries of the sea-birds that fluttered about the ruddy ledges. The pallor of the morn was widening beyond the hills of Applecross; the light was silvering the calm about the entrance of Loch Carran. Our canvas filled with a gust that lifted the haze from the sea. Out of Tosgach, from the crests of Applecross, from Scalpa Sound from beyond Pabba brown sails were running for Loch Carron. What could it mean? It was not the Sabbath. In our wonder, the pilot told us that the "Free sacrament" must be holding about Plockton. With the wind fresher, we were running through the craft, — fishing smacks, skiffs, and pulling-boats helped along by creaking oars.

The smacks were crowded with curious folks — old men wearing the hats of older generations, and old women with white caps tied down with white handkerchiefs over their grey faces; younger women in gay apparel with bonnets and trimmings and hair done in the latest fashion; young men crowding the fore-castle deck, holding by shrouds and hallyards; and little boys clinging everywhere. The smacks were crowded, the skiffs were crowded; it might have been an exodus of mourning people. And in the aged faces there was a stricken shadow; in the unknown tongue a sense of sadness. Only when the low black hull was forging past the smacks did the wan faces gather life, hands were pointed and whispers passed. Canvas was squared away, foresails were boomed out, the fishermen would not willingly be passed. Young women pulled at the oars, old women were privileged to steer; and these watched our tall mainsail keenly. Smack after smack fell astern, on one brown sail we were hardly gaining. The grey-haired matron at the tiller turned to watch us; she smiled at the sharp stem ploughing up the foam. She was ready when we hauled across the smack's stern to shove the helm down and prevent us passing. Ahead lay the "Sqeirs" of Loch Carron with the sea lipping all about them. The smack left us no passage to leeward; the matron was watchful that we should not pass at all. Our pilot was wroth; we laughed over the humour of the worshippers. Off the village of Plockton we anchored among a fleet of boats from Kishorn, from Jeantown, from Loch Alsh. The haven was girt with striking shores, mountain walls and grey crag; the hills of Loch Carron,

grizzly with moraines and wasted precipices. Brushwood swept the beach; black pines covered the flanks of the hills. Rocky isles were scattered treacherously about; we had been the better for our pilot in the smack. The red sunlight was striking the great corries of Bein Gorm, and deepening the azure belts across the face of the mountains of Kishorn. About these shores the glitter of the deep marked hidden dangers. On wintry nights the mouth of Loch Carron is full of treachery.

The fishing craft were run alongside a half-ebbed isle over which the strangers clambered. Through the village of Plockton they walked, a sober throng, towards the moorland. There was no want of sedateness; the faces might have been those of pilgrims nearing their shrine. We were not among idle worshippers summoned by chimes, by the solitary peal of the kirk-bell. Eyes were hardly raised from the roadway, greetings were tenderly given, silently spoken, subdued by humble reverence. Everywhere among the aged a sense of awe was deepening.

The people were turning aside from the road to Durinish; they were disappearing through a cleft in the rocks. We clambered with others over crags, past an aged man standing beside a little box which was set upon a short staff, and into which coppers were thrown. We reached the edge of the corrie, a gully in the rocky bluff. We were suddenly in the presence of three thousand people, more or less — a vast congregation filling all the hollow and clustering about its sides. Our amazement pleased the bystanders; the young people looked up at us; the old folks sat silent and motionless. No service was going on; but faint whispers were reprovèd with sudden looks. In the narrower end of the hollow stood an upright wooden-house, somewhat like a bathing-box, half open on the side next the congregation. In it were accommodated the officiating clergymen. The congregation waited very silently while the later-comers found seats in the grassy hollow or upon the rocky ledges. The old folks sat nearer the clergymen, — the old men with their bald heads uncovered, the old women with white handkerchiefs tied over their white caps. Plaids and overcoats were drawn over the men's heads at times; the women drew plaids and shawls over their caps. The matrons held a corner of their plaids over their mouths; shrouding their faces to the eyes through some decorous fashion or ancient usage. The little maidens lifted the corners of their pinafores, and endeav-

oured to cover the lower part of their faces as their mothers did. It somehow gave an earnest look to these simple worshippers. The younger women home from the south avoided the custom; their gayer dresses were disturbing to the sombre greyneess of the picture. Above the crest of the corrie young boys clambered, grave fellows in their ragged clothing.

We found now that it was "Question-day" — one of the several consecutive days, during which service is held, in these parts, by way of preparation for the communion.

While the worshippers were hidden in the moorland sanctuary, the crags about them commanded all the mountains of Carron and Kishorn, the Sound, Scalpa, and Raasay, with its curious "Dun," the mighty peaks of Glencraig, and the nearer Coolins. In the hollow were gathered penitent folks, mourning with the outer signs of tribulation; all about them the glow of the summertime was softening the hills and falling upon the sea. There were no ecclesiastical accessories, no sacerdotal adornments; but the solemnness was supreme.

The silence so impressive was broken; one of the clergymen rose, and spoke in Gaelic in an undertone, the only language used. His words were spoken to an elder of the people, who rose, after a pause, and said some inaudible words. He had been asked to speak, but excused himself. Another elder was appealed to; he also had some excuse. Others were spoken to; but all declined, although they had previously agreed to speak and expound certain points in proof of their ableness to minister to the spiritual wants of some remote clachan. The fashion, or formality, prevailed of declining to speak at the first call; it might seem ostentatious to do so, and the men were as coy as maidens. On the second request being made, the elder who had been first asked, had so far recovered as to speak with composure. He had a solemn and "punctual" way of uttering his advices. His plaid fell back from his arm, his measured speech sounded about the hollow, blown by fitful airs, and striking attentive ears. There was nothing in his sonorous voice to recall the broken speech of the Celt when he leaves the hills. Others of the elders spoke, and without further hesitation. There were no painful pauses in their speech; the speakers might have had the ready utterance of gifted tongues. Their language, unchanged for centuries, was the same spoken by the first Christian teachers on their coasts. Our pilot told us that the Gospels had an "aud-

fashioned" sound in the Gaelic; and the preaching had a more homely sense in his mother-speech. It might have been the sombre throng, the anguish of the earnest faces, the moorland blackening in the noontide, that gave a pitiful cadence to the voices; but an unknown tongue was moving us as the softer English seldom has done.

One of the preachers rose to speak; he was a tall, thin, wiry man, with high features and a black beard cut in the American style. His voice, loud and full, rung far across the moor. His discourse had more of "a spiritual nature" than the others were to listen to. The Gaelic words for "grace" and "love" were frequently repeated. Towards the close his voice rose wildly, it might be emphatically; he chanted his sentences with a not unmusical rhythm. The congregation listened with a stricken calm; some of the people were awaying themselves gently to the pastor's cadences.

Another preacher spoke, a little man with grey wavy hair; his voice was thin, and had grown hoarse through much preaching in the open air. His speech was forced and unequal. He spoke in one tone, and seemed to answer in another, suggesting irreverent recollections of ventriloquial efforts; but his exhortations were earnest, and drew his audience near to him. He had some gift of eloquence missed among most speakers of the Saxon tongue.

A farmer-looking, hearty man closed the service. He had a homely way, and had homely advices to give. He spoke a sentence to the right and another to the left, pausing to consider before speaking again. He closed almost every pause with "agus," and folded his hands to think over the rest of the sentence. When he was nearing the last of his homilies, he regretted that some came there with brazen faces, who believed in arts that were neither of this world nor were sanctioned by heaven, but came from the devil. Then followed an appeal to the congregation to remember the collection, which the elders were attending to on the outskirts of the corrie. The clergyman reminded his hearers that Christ had noticed the widow's mite.

The singing of the hymns was spiritless; the line read by the precentor was chanted by the congregation with a slight knowledge of the tune; but the winds softened the sound, and wafted it away into the heavens.

We walked along the way towards Durinish, loitering till the sun was going down behind the violet wall of Raasay,

with the peak of Duncane blackening in the glow like a pyre. We returned by the sanctuary, where some old men and women were loitering in the gloaming, feeling seeming comfort in the hushed words they spoke. They lingered as they might have done in the sunshine; there might still be a glow about the sanctified place that kindled the hearts of the worshippers. On the way to Plockton old people walked decently home to rest and prepare for the morrow.

The crowd had vanished somewhere, leaving many boats upon the beach. In Plockton, as elsewhere through the Highlands at these seasons, the doors had been opened to the strangers, to kinsmen, to friends, to those without any claim at all; for there is the belief among the poorest that Providence will somehow provide for the entertainment of the guests who come from far distances to these solemnities. To Loch Carron had come pilgrims from Torridon, Shieldaig, and Diobaig; from the Gairloch, from Loch Ewe, from Skye, from Raasay, from Loch Alsh, from Dornie, and Loch Duich. Among these were doubtful Christians, pious "sorners," who wander from "preaching" to preaching, and still find food and shelter; but the congregation were mainly sincere and simple-hearted folk, to whom the season was a time of meditation on better things.

In the narrows of Loch Carron, among the "Sqeirs" of Loch Kishorn, we could see brown sails fading before the west wind. Those who were within reach were going homeward to return on the morrow. Country folks were climbing like goats along the crags towards Loch Alsh; a trail of wayfarers hurried across the ebbed flats at the head of the harbour. Everywhere pictures of a simple life were filling the eye, and the heart was calmed with the humble looks of an earnest people.

From The Examiner.

JUAREZ.

THE death of Benito Juarez, the Cromwell of Mexico, deprives the country which he governed with so much energy and ability of the only strong and thoroughly resolute statesman that the Mexican Republic has produced of late years. It is probable that Juarez was the greatest Mexican statesman since the declaration of Mexican independence. Santa Anna himself did not exceed him in stern vigour and indomitable courage, while Santa

Anna was much his inferior in those qualities of political leadership which are of the first importance to any one who essays to hold the helm of a State. As is known, Juarez was of unmingled Indian blood. No cross with the long dominant Spaniard impaired the purity of his descent from the ancient races of Mexico. He was a Red Man of the Red Men, and the extraordinary capacity he displayed throughout his stormy and difficult career may serve to illustrate the civic and politic ability of those imperial peoples whom Cortez found in the possession of power and the enjoyment of no inconsiderable civilization, when first the foot of the invincible European pressed the soil of the Mexican continent. The readers of the narrative of the Spanish conquest of Mexico can easily call to mind the astonishing examples of indigenous culture and progress which were exemplified in the Tlascalcan republic and the Aztec empire; and it will require the reflection that with the throne of Montezuma fell the most terrible and sanguinary superstition that ever desolated a nation, in order to stifle the regret that must be felt at the destruction of a primitive civilization so remarkable and so flourishing. Nor can even this reflection stifle the regret. The blood-stained altars of the Aztec War God, that were annually drenched by the blood of a hundred thousand human captives, only made way for not less frightful sacrifices to the demon of Spanish cupidity. After the lapse of generations, the demand for retribution is to be heard in the expressions of bitter hate with which two-thirds of the present population of Mexico are accustomed to salute every reference to the by-gone period of Spanish conquest and enslavement. To the same retributive feeling is to be traced no small part of the ascendancy which Benito Juarez exercised among his countrymen.

It has been pretended that Juarez was not merely an Indian, but a Montezuma. It is not impossible that this may have been the case. The blood of the Peruvian Incas flows in the veins of the Castilian house of De la Vega, nor is it intrinsically improbable that some members of the ancient imperial caste may have perpetuated themselves, and that their descendants may have continued to be recognized in secret and in apprehension by fragments of the great nation that obeyed their ancestors. It is at least certain that, in some unaccountable way, Juarez, from the very outset of his career, possessed an extraordinary amount of influence over his Indian

compatriots. On the other hand, the Spanish faction, the descendants of the Europeans, hated him with a hate that was only inferior to their fear.

We have already, in an article upon the outbreak of the civil war, which was still raging at the moment of the death of the President, although all the chances were showing themselves to be in favour of the Juaristas, commented upon some of the principal features in the internal policy of the deceased statesman. It is now fourteen years since Juarez first obtained the Presidential dignity, and during this long period it is undeniable that he has kept his reputation conspicuously free from the accusations of embezzlement which were only too well deserved by many of his predecessors. But though Juarez was personally incorruptible, there can be no doubt that both the cupidity of his followers and his own affection towards his friends led to abuses which seriously militated against the respect in which the Government was held. At the same time the extreme duration of the Juarist administration tended to provoke opposition through the mere fact of its duration. There is something contrary to Republicanism in pushing the principle of re-election too far in a Republic. This objection is found to weigh in the United States against the choice of General Grant for another Presidential term. A President who succeeds in obtaining a perpetual renewal of his term of office is not far from Cæsarism, even though he is himself utterly innocent of any conscious desire to subvert Republican institutions. A President who has been President for life too often prepares the way for another President for life to follow him. Hereditary Presidency is the next step, and what is Hereditary Presidency but a Napoleonic Empire with all its attendant train of sham-legitimisms of every description? The resolution of Juarez last year to become President of Mexico for a fourth time was the reason why Porfirio Diaz rose in rebellion. There is no doubt that Juarez believed himself to be, as he really was, the ablest ruler of the country. This is, however, a dangerous conviction to encourage in the trustee of practically sovereign powers. To the last, Juarez was the determined opponent of the clerical party. He had never hesitated to help his administration out of the goods of the clergy, and, as the plea of public necessity seldom reconciles people to their own impoverishment, the clergy never failed to pursue Juarez with their hostility. The conduct of some lead-

ing Juarists, who were known to have applied the Church property to the aid of the State by the simple process of putting the proceeds in their own pockets, or by becoming masters of huge estates at a nominal sum, seriously embarrassed the President. The clericals themselves must, however, give to Juarez the praise of an earnest desire for extending education and for increasing commercial facilities throughout the country.

The execution of Maximilian is pronounced by a good many journals to be a damning blot on the memory of the Mexican President. Englishmen even, who, if an invading army of Russians or Germans had succeeded in thrusting some Romanov or Hohenzollern on the throne of England, would be the first to denounce allegiance to the usurper as treason to the nation, profess themselves to be unable to pardon the indignant repudiation of Napoleon's nominee by the manhood and patriotism of Mexico. As for the specific act of the shooting of Maximilian, putting aside the personal amiability of that reckless and unfortunate adventurer, it is to be remembered that Maximilian had previously sanctioned the decree of Bazaine by which every Mexican soldier taken in arms against the French was to be shot on the spot. A leader of foreign cut-throats, for the French in Mexico were no more, who sanctioned the practice of deliberately slaughtering the native prisoners of war, could have no right to complain of being called to an account for the atrocities he had approved. The excuse that Maximilian was really the mere agent of Bazaine is no excuse. Maximilian could have refused to be the agent of Bazaine, and we have yet to learn that the fact of complicity removes the guilt of complicity. It is probable, indeed, that the Hapsburg prince, like the Napoleonic mercenary, had far too slight an idea of the claims of Republicans to the ordinary justice of humanity, to hesitate about hanging or shooting them in cold blood and to any extent. The Mexican Republicans may, however, be pardoned for not being able to share this order of sentiments. In brief, there can be no doubt that Maximilian, with all his personal amiability as aforesaid, had deserved death at the hands of the enemies to whom he had behaved, not as an ordinary enemy, but as a pirate who makes his captives walk the plank. The only question that can arise is, whether it was expedient to exact strict justice from such a criminal; and this question can only be rightly answered by

the consideration whether the punishment of the criminal was in the highest degree likely to prevent the imitation of his crime. Now we are of opinion that it will be a long time before another, European, Asiatic, or African princeling, whose education is sufficiently advanced to let him know the punishment of Maximilian, will be found to risk another Queretaro. Benito Juarez had the future of the Mexican Republic to defend, and, under the circumstances, the great Aztec had no option.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

THE POLITICAL ASPECT OF THE FRENCH LOAN.

In ordinary cases the success of a State loan is interesting rather to financiers than to politicians. But the circumstances under which the French loan has been effected and the extraordinary popularity which it has turned out to possess lift the matter altogether above the region of pure finance, and give it a political importance of the highest order. No doubt the event of Sunday and Monday suggests some interesting speculations even in pure finance, but its political aspect takes precedence of these. With the fact before us that the loan has been covered twelve times over, that, 140 millions sterling being wanted, more than 1,600 millions sterling—twice the amount of the English national debt—have been offered, we cannot stop to consider how the money market will be effected, or whether the buyers have investment or speculation most in view. Two things claim to be noticed before any time can be spent in working out these latter problems, serious as they are in themselves: What does the success of the loan indicate?—What is likely to be its effect on the French people?

It is almost too obvious to say that it indicates the immense and almost untouched wealth of the nation. That Frenchmen should be able when the country needs it to come forward with something like the whole amount of the indemnity constitutes a sort of apotheosis of frugality. One is tempted for a moment to rate the virtue of saving money above all other graces of citizenship. Further, it indicates very considerable confidence in the existing order of things. Some allowance must of course be made for excited and emotional patriotism of a somewhat cheap order. A shrewd man might calculate that he was not likely to get all

he applied for; that even if he got more than he wanted he would be able to sell at no very great loss, and that it was worth running this amount of risk to be able to talk of his devotion to France and his readiness to sacrifice his substance in her service. But a feeling such as this can never account for any really great result. The mass of the French subscribers, we may be sure, were sober men who have made some rough estimate of the stability of the existing Government, and have thought it sufficiently proved to invest money on the faith of it. It does not much matter whether their idea of the existing Government includes the Republic or goes no further than the President. Even on the latter theory it is certain that they have so much confidence in M. Thiers as to make them content with whatever Government he thinks best for them, and his own obvious inclinations and intentions make it clear that the Government he thinks best for them will be the Republic. The success of the loan leaves no doubt on these two points—that France is very rich, and that Frenchmen have confidence enough in a Republican Government to lend their money to it. The healing of the great schism between Republicanism and the Conservative force of the country has begun.

The primary result of this success will be to intensify the causes to which it is mainly due. The nation has lent money to the Thiers Government because it thinks it strong, and the Thiers Government will be all the stronger because the nation has lent it money. As regards M. Thiers, even the shadow of the loan has enabled him to do pretty much as he likes. The Right are powerless against him. A month or two ago they could at all events talk big. They could hint at broken vows and violated compacts, at Conservative promise falsified by Radical performance, at the waning confidence of the Assembly and the possible deposition of the President. Now they are quietly going home and leaving the country to the uncontrolled administration of the man their distrust in whom they have till lately never been tired of proclaiming. We may be sure that they have not changed. If they disliked M. Thiers when he was setting up the Republic against heavy odds, they are not likely to dislike him the less now that he is setting up the Republic with this marvellous triumph at his back. But they see that it is useless to kick against the pricks. Fortune has been too much for them, and they submit. M. Thiers has

the game in his own hands, and they have nothing to do but to leave him to play it out. The effect of this conviction on their parts will be good in two ways. It will take away much of their strength, and it will make them more moderate in the use of such strength as they retain. Hitherto the real power of the Right has been its alliance with the general conservative feeling of the country. Frenchmen are not as a rule keen politicians; in some respects it would be better for them if they were more so. They are only too ready to put up with even a bad Government if it secures them in the possession of their property, and lets them make money in peace. A Government that can borrow a 140 millions sterling with such unprecedented ease has gone far to establish its title to their favour. After all, what is it that they hoped to find under the Empire, and were wondering a year ago whether they should find under a Legitimist or an Orleanist restoration? That very security which the Republic has shown that it can give them. Events have proved that M. M. Thiers was right when he christened the Republic the Government which divides Frenchmen least. What better guarantee of union can there be than union in lending money to the State? And if this union exists, why should any one go farther in search of the order and tranquility which union brings with it? The secessions from the Monarchical party, large as they have been already, will now be larger. In point of fact, it will cease to be a party, and will become only a knot of partizans. Upon realizing this fact the Extreme Right will have no option but to mend their manners. They cannot hope to win by a *coup d'état* in the face of such a plebiscite as the loan constitutes. They must become prudent and constitutional in spite of themselves. They will not be able to help seeing that the country is not with them, and that only time and argument and patient waiting on events can possibly bring it over to them. That the proof which has been given this week of the extraordinary wealth of the country may make them more anxious than ever to bring it over to their side is likely enough, but this is a more remote contingency which need not be considered now. Nor will the success of the loan be without a similar moderating influence on the Republicans. They have declared to win with the Conservative horse, and the greatness of the victory will naturally dispose them to prefer it to any horse in

their stable. Conservatism has brought its reward, and their gratitude will properly take the shape of a sense of favours to come from the same quarter.

All this would be true if the loan had been entirely subscribed in France. Its extraordinary success in foreign countries introduces another class of considerations. We may see the effect it will have on the minds of the French people foreshadowed in the speech of M. Goulard. He treats the foreign subscriptions as proving not only "the vitality of our beloved France," but also "the place she holds among other nations, the just idea of her incomparable solvency, and the confidence she inspires in Europe." If this is the way in which the loan strikes a Finance Minister, how it is likely to strike more impressionable people? The encouragement Frenchmen will derive from it is incalculable. They will almost forget that they have had to pay a heavy indemnity in contemplating the readiness with which all Europe has lent them the money to pay it. In one respect this sense of encouragement may be a general benefit. It was always conceivable that the very despondency in which the war had left the French people

might lead them to do something desperate to reinstate themselves in the good opinion of other nations. It is more likely, however, that the evidence of confidence in the solvency of France afforded by the applications which have come in from foreign countries will be taken as almost the equivalent of a general offer of alliance. Europe, Frenchmen will argue, has seen what France has been able to do after a crushing defeat, and the spectacle has evidently convinced it that this defeat was only a "surprise of fortune," and that it is the part of true wisdom to be on the side of France in the time to come. It is hard, of course, to say how this belief will dispose those impressed by it, but we can hardly think that it will dispose them to accept the supremacy of Germany on the Continent as a thing ordained of heaven. And the evidence which Germany will have of the strength that yet remains to the nation she thought she had crushed will hardly lead her to put off the watchful and menacing attitude which, though it is meant to guard against a renewal of the war, may also be instrumental in provoking it.

STRUCTURE AND SOURCE OF THE WAX OF PLANTS.—Prof. de Bary publishes a paper on this subject in the *Botanische Zeitung*, thence abstracted in *Nature*. The wax does not appear to be a simple coating on the surface, and to form a continuous layer, as though laid on with a brush. It is found to be a dense forest of minute hairs of wax, each having one end on the epidermis, the other either rising straight up or rolled and curled amongst its neighbours. This matting of the waxen hairs is often sufficiently dense to give the surface, when viewed by the microscope, the appearance of a continuous layer, though a good section of the leaf or skin of the fruit indicates its true structure. The question as to what part of the epidermis or subepidermal tissue forms the source of the wax is most beautifully and clearly answered. Prof. de Bary states that it is impossible to discover the slightest trace of wax in the cell contents, or to entertain the theory that chlorophyll is partly made of wax. The locality in which the wax can first be detected is the cuticle and the cuticularized elements of the epidermis cells.

THE GREAT PUBLIC AQUARIUM AT NAPLES.—An account of this immense undertaking is given by a contemporary, and is of sufficient interest to have a place in our columns. The building, which is under the direction of M. Anton Dohrn, is rectangular, measuring 100 ft. by 70 ft., with a height of 40 ft., and is 100 ft. from the sea. The lower part is to be occupied by the tanks of the great aquarium, to be opened to the public; and the upper will contain 24 rooms for laboratories, a library and collections, with lodging rooms for three or four zoologists. There will be 53 tanks in the lower story, one of them 32 ft. long, 10 broad and 3 1-2 deep, another, 26 ft. long, and twenty-six 3 ft. by 3 1-2 ft. The tanks throughout are furnished with a continuous current of sea-water. Upstairs, the library room is large enough to hold 25,000 volumes. The principal laboratory room will contain 20 to 30 tanks of different sizes; and besides there are private laboratories for the chief zoologist and the first assistant, and other small laboratory rooms, and rooms for collections.

Popular Science Review.